

THE LIVING AGE.

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THE ROCK GARDEN.

See, little gardener, in this coign
Of garden ground, our work is done;
Brave shows our rockery by the wall
Set for alternate shade and sun.

But yesterday mere stones and earth:—
Unmeaning stones in casual heaps,
Unightly earth by cartloads shot,
No beauty owns nor fairy keeps.

Two spades, a barrow, willing hands,
Much nature-love, a pinch of art,
And ledge and cranny, nook and shelf,
To careless-seeming order start.

A rockery, so others say:—
We know it for the bodily frame
Where dwells, serene in lowland air,
The spirit that the hills acclaim.

This tiny cliff of quarried stone
Shall bear your thoughts to craggier
heights,
And these same crannied flowers revive
Visions of clearer Alpine lights.

With purple throat and lip of gold
We saw this creeping toadflax trail
Gray stems upon the cold gray slopes
Of bare moraine or crumbling shale.

In clefts below the gaunt ice-foot
This close-pressed saxifrage I found,
And where we rested in our climb
That starry cluster gemmed the
ground.

O'er the Blue Glacier, windswept,
sheer,
The Black Crag lours; right from its
crest

I plucked the tufted seed, whence
sprang
This windflower, nodding to the west.

And this, that in a tumbling stream
Splashed isles like living sunshine,
here
By sunken tub and runlet thin
Shall point with gold the glowing
year.

Nor of the towered Alps only breathe
These blossomed memories; marsh
and moor,

Woodlands and wolds in this dear isle
Their tributary influence pour.

This was the sea-pink's seed, last
crown
Of royal Tintagel's ruinous hold;
That kingfern clung to wild sea-cliffs
By Merlin haply known of old.

And dearer still for friendship's sake
The norland forest's blue-eyed guest;
And, shy child of the wilderness,
This white wood-lily from the west;

Or that close herb whose breathed
name
The very breath and air might be
Of uplands where it threads with blue
The woven grass—*Jasione*.

Here in the heat and stress we catch
That vivifying breath; we feel
Nature's large touch, her mothering
hand
To soothe or strengthen, round us
steal,

Whether in joy's uncounted hours
She whispers of life's vaster ring,
Or calms despair with mightier
thoughts
That make of grief a holy thing.

O little gardener, we have learned
This lore together, you and I;
Will you, as I, in years to come
Recall this dear affinity?

And yet enough, if but my hand
In aught has helped you make this
toy

With flowers and stones and loving toil
A forecourt to the shrine of joy.

Leonard Huxley.

The Cornhill Magazine.

PASSION KNOCKS LOUD: COM-
PASSION HAS A KEY.

"O Sin," cried Virtue, "God will smite
thee dead!"

Sin laughed, and flung the scouring
of the street.

"God help thee, brother Sin," young
Pity said;

And lo! Sin's face was wet upon her
feet.

Frederick Langbridge.

SOME SOCIAL REFORMS*

I welcome the presence here of my predecessor in this Chair, Professor Percy Gardner, because his notable Address of last year serves in a manner as my text on the present occasion, and I am glad to be able to make acknowledgment to him of the appreciation which it roused in me while reading it the other day. With the greater part of it, and with the general tone, I found myself in cordial agreement, though there were contentions here and there, especially views concerning the nature and purport of scientific education, which I should prefer to express differently. To introduce them I will make a few statements or propositions, partly his, partly my own, showing essential agreement with his main position.

1. The necessary preliminary or precursor of wise and effectual reform is knowledge—knowledge both wide and accurate of the state of society and of the conditions of action: though at the same time we must

guard ourselves against a too narrow interpretation of the scientific study of history and bear ever in mind the great variety in human motives.

2. The problems before us are so complex and so strangely intermingled with surprising elements in human nature that it is easy for people with the best intentions to do harm rather than good, especially, as I myself think, if they proceed to attack an institution or an abuse in too direct and narrowly concentrated a manner. For instance:—

All attempts at dealing with the problems of poverty have hitherto failed, because they have not taken into

account certain psychological facts, so that in many cases they have increased the evil they were meant to remedy. And it is thus in many other cases.

3. Whatever may be the faults and foibles of a social expert in detecting abuses and advocating reforms, his aid is indispensable if the mere blind struggle for existence is to be suspended and progress to become conscious and moderately quick. As Charles Kingsley said, adopting words akin to some used by Huxley:—

For five and twenty years my ruling idea has been that the reconstruction of Society on a scientific basis is not only possible, but the only political object much worth striving for.

4. So to this end a long-continued and devoted study of the human problem, as a branch of science, is as necessary as is the intuitive and energetic zeal of the reformer. The art of government cannot continue to be the one department of activity for which no training is supposed to be necessary. We train doctors, we train engineers, we are beginning to train teachers; some day politicians must be trained too: that is to say, youths must be trained in social studies before becoming legislators; in spite of the fact that in all these professions some few men are born with such extraordinary ability that training seems almost superfluous in their favored case. And as a preliminary to training a body of systematized knowledge is necessary which must be the work of trained enquirers and social experts, such as are only now beginning to exist.

5. To grow real and practical and

* Address to the Social and Political Education League. Delivered on Friday, 26th

May, 1905, in University College, London. By Sir Oliver Lodge, President for the Year.

trustworthy experts may take a long time. As Professor Gardner says again:—

In human science, as in natural science, the mind of the learner must be gradually trained and taught to move in unfamiliar ways. It has to learn to distrust the obvious and to look beneath the surface, to value fact more than opinion and tendencies more than arguments. It has to acquire what Huxley called the "fanaticism of veracity." It must be prepared to give up the hope of reaching easy generalizations, and to plod contentedly through a mass of details.

6. Nevertheless there is no subject in which the result of study and research is likely to be more immediately useful and directly repaying. Most of our scientific applications result in indirect benefit; but in this human region of research the applications are direct and immediate to the advancement of life.

Discoveries in physics, electricity and the like, help mankind in certain outward ways, satisfy material needs. Discoveries in medicine may make life more free from pain. But discoveries in human nature may enable whole communities to live at a higher level, may have a bearing upon happiness direct and immediate. . . . And unless our increased power over nature tends in the long run to increase human happiness, it does not seem after all much to boast of. . . . It is a very great thing to be able to carry out one's will in the material world, but it is also important to have within purposes which are worth carrying out. If one has nothing to say worth saying, telegraph and telephone become only instruments of vanity.

7. Quite so, and therefore humanistic studies are of more emphatic interest to mankind than can be the study of inorganic Nature: though also, as he says again:—

It is a certain truth, that the humanistic side of education can only

hold its own by means of a radical change of method and of outlook. . . .

If human studies are to hold their due place in education and in research, they must not adhere to the traditions of the Renaissance, they must adopt, so far as such are suitable, the methods of natural science. They must be made methodical and comprehensive.

So far I profess complete agreement: but now I want to ask, why discriminate and contrast human studies and nature studies in this way? Why assume that a study of nature results *only* in quicker travel and louder speech and more comfortable dwellings, while a study of history and literature results in a higher life and greater human happiness? That is to succumb to the popular conception of physical science, to assume that it is incompetent to serve as the vehicle of culture, and to confuse knowledge and insight with mere material applications.

The scoffer or Philistine on the other side might similarly urge, perhaps indeed has already often urged, that a study of ancient history results only in acquaintance with the details of the Punic wars, in familiarity with the barbaric exploits of half-civilized races, that it deals with the succession of monarchs over some Oriental tribe, and with the futile conventional subject of what man has done or failed to do in the past; while the study of natural science enables us to appreciate and think over again the eternal thoughts of the Creator.

One criticism or summary is as unfair as the other. The study of man and the study of nature ought not to be separated and discriminated in this superficial and biased way. I am very far indeed from applying these adjectives to Professor Gardner's utterances. On the contrary, I am elsewhere quoting and utilizing those utterances for the purpose of influencing

such educational authorities as in my judgment attribute an undue or unbalanced weight to the indirect benefits which humanity derives from bread-studies, studies which lead to greater wealth and better dwellings and higher manufacturing skill and the like: studies which contribute unselfishly to the general well-being of mankind, though at the sacrifice sometimes of the individual. These studies have been far too much neglected in this country, and it is well and necessary to emphasize them and place them on a recognized and proper footing; but it is well also to refrain from erring in the opposite direction by yielding too much to the present trend of opinion, and allowing ourselves to attach too little weight to those studies which, though they can hardly be called selfish, yet are of direct benefit to the individual human soul itself—those which raise their possessor in the scale of existence and enrich his own life both now and hereafter; although perhaps they do not make him quite such a useful weapon or tool in the hands of the capitalist or exploiter, nor always, at least not when narrowly pursued, so valuable a servant of the State.

It seems to me, therefore, that some eminent humanists at the present time discriminate too completely between the study of man and the study of nature. They say truly that scientific methods must be applied to both studies: that scientific methods, the scientific spirit of investigation, the best and noblest attributes of the pure investigator, are to be applied to the study of man as they have been applied to the study of Nature. They welcome the "fanaticism of veracity" which has always been a feature in the great students of Nature, and to-day is gaining ground in all branches of humanistic study, and is penetrating even Theology and Biblical criticism, to a surprising and most welcome extent.

Nevertheless they are still apt to speak of the nineteenth century, and the scientific epoch through which we have lived and in which we are still living, as having chiefly provided for us telegraphs and railways and such like; or, taking a higher flight, they say truly that it has enlarged our conception of the Cosmos and familiarized us with its vast extent and intricacy, as well as with the conception of development and evolution. All this is true, and welcome; but the greatest benefit of scientific research lies in a region beyond even this. I wish to maintain that it has permeated and saturated the leaders of intellect in every department with a new spirit, and from one end to the other has made man perceive that honest enquiry is an avenue to truth, and that real and genuine truth is the worthy—the only worthy—object of intellectual apprehension; for that in truth, in its highest and sublimest sense, must ultimately be embedded wisdom and beauty and everything most worth having in existence.

I therefore urge that, except for trivial practical convenience, it is not necessary to discriminate. The essential truth that we have to learn and grow accustomed to is that man is a part of nature, the part of nature which has become self-conscious, the part that has acquired free will, that has become in many respects god-like and superb—devil-like also and degraded, some of it, as the necessary correlative—but a part of the Cosmos all the time, and the part of all parts most worthy of study.

But try to attend to that part alone, and you will fail. That is just the error that has through all the ages hitherto been made. The study of man alone, divorced from the study of nature, is bound to be one-sided and partial and incomplete—it is bound to be more or less misleading. It is like the study of a fossil without a knowledge of the

strata in which it was found; it is a study of an organism deprived of its environment. It is Tennyson's "flower in the crannied wall," plucked without its root and without its soil, without its atmosphere and moisture and sunshine, without the Cosmos of which it is a part—and then attempted to be understood.

Man is a part of nature and is embedded in it; he is the child of an infinite and portentous material universe, and on one side of his personality is clearly akin to it; how can he study his own nature if he remain ignorant of all but the most superficial features of that Cosmos? The attempt has been made, the attempt is made still in the sixth form of nearly every school in the country, and in many a University; but it is an attempt which has failed, and the populace is realizing that it has failed; and so it says—recoiling to the opposite extreme—let us abandon Letters and study Nature, let us make machines and combine chemicals and play with electricity and teach our sons mechanics and our daughters botany; let us abandon the effete study of Greek and philosophy and poetry and suchlike vanities, and attend to the solid business of life, metallurgy and mining and engineering and commerce and manufacture and political economy.

So swings, or is beginning to swing, the great pendulum of public opinion at the present time, in a natural reaction from an excess in one direction; though excess in either direction is as deleterious as excess in the other. It may swing a good deal yet without doing any harm; for the bias on one side, for all these centuries, has been so excessive that a great recoil was necessary and inevitable; it has not swung too far yet, nor in most schools has it swung nearly far enough; but I perceive already that unless a brake is applied it will swing too far some day,

and that there will be a series of oscillations, and a somewhat bitter struggle, between the conservative remnant left behind, and the radical reformers rejoicing over a new order of things in what at present is the front.

Speaking as one who would fain, if he were wise enough, occupy a position at the middle of the swing, in the certainty that at this mid-point the pendulum will ultimately settle down, when its swings are done; speaking also as one who, like many others, would ascertain where that mean or mid-point actually is, I want to urge that my advocacy of science and scientific training is not really due to any wish to be able to travel faster or shout further round the earth, or to construct more extensive towns, or to consume more atmosphere and absorb more rivers, nor even to overcome disease, prolong human life, grow more corn, and cultivate to better advantage the kindly surface of the earth; though all these latter things will be "added unto us" if we persevere in high aims. But it is none of these things which should be held out as the ultimate object and aim of humanity—the gain derivable from a genuine pursuit of truth of every kind; no, the ultimate aim can be expressed in many ways, but I claim that it is no less than to be able to comprehend what is the length and breadth and depth and height of this mighty universe, including man as part of it, and to know not man and nature alone, but to attain also some incipient comprehension of what saints speak of as the love of God which passeth knowledge, and so to begin an entrance into the fulness of an existence beside which the joy even of a perfect earthly life is but as the happiness of a summer's day.

These high gains are the fruit of a lifetime of study and thought, and are not to be appreciated in all moods; but, quite prosaically, it is manifest that by

neglecting the study of nature and of mathematics and of the facts studied at present under the conventional head "science," we are neglecting one-half of our opportunities; no complete human being can emerge as the result of a one-sided training, and no wide comprehensive outlook on the universe can be taken by a being who has atrophied a portion of his faculties.

Thus, then, I hope that a real advance in general scientific education—whenever it is possible, and I do not say that it has been achieved or formulated or initiated as yet, for there are many opposing forces, and progress must be slow in order to be secure and wise—a real advance in scientific education will react with beneficent influence on humanistic education also; that the study of man, and of literature, and of art, and poetry, and music, will take an altogether higher and nobler shape; that there will be no conflict or hostility between humanism and realism, but that they will be found to be opposite sides, perhaps not even opposite sides, but mutually supporting buttresses and pilasters, architraves on which the roof of the cathedral of man's spirit can be laid, and the soul of man elevated far above the petty troubles and miserable sins which still cling to him by reason of his animal ancestry and only recent emergence into conscious though indistinct communion with the Divine.

Now let us descend to details and enter upon the questions: How can the general level of mankind be raised? What steps are necessary to this end? and How far are we fundamentally falling short of the necessary efforts and proper methods now? Is it possible to reconstruct society on a scientific basis?

That ingenious and able writer, Mr. H. G. Wells, devotes himself seriously to these questions, and I believe it is generally admitted that he has pro-

vided this country with a good deal to think about.

The construction of a Utopia is an enticing, and I believe not an altogether unprofitable, exercise; because it is often a good practical method of procedure to form an ideal, and then to see how near in practice it is possible to attain to it. That is the way of great inventors; it is, I believe, consciously and admittedly, the method which Lord Kelvin, for instance, has pursued in brooding over his inventions; and, being based in his case upon a deep knowledge of the problems and of possible methods of solution, it has resulted in many devices of the utmost originality.

So it may be with social problems also; but it is not my purpose to-day to attempt to rival Mr. Wells, nor to formulate nor even to discuss any Utopian scheme. I want to point out what everyone is really aware of, how grievously in many respects we fail to organize lives in anything like a reasonably happy, healthy, human way, and then how it is possible almost at once to make a beginning in at least one or two directions, if we are minded so to do.

The late Professor Seeley insisted on knowledge as a necessary preliminary to reform; I agree, but in the exigency of life people cannot wait, as in the applications of Chemistry or Physics they can, for a fully-established and systematic theory before they take action; they must get what knowledge they can, they must encourage experts to devote their lives to serious study, and to accumulate and dissect and assimilate facts, but meanwhile they must themselves proceed tentatively and experimentally to put their ideas into practice, to bring them to the test of experience, to apply the methods of trial and error, to learn by mistakes, trying only to make those mistakes as few as possible, not hoping to avoid

them altogether; and so must the practice and the theory, the acquisition of knowledge and its application go hand in hand and simultaneously; one cannot wholly precede the other, but each must react on the other amid the storm and stress of actual existence. The practical man and the theorist must live side by side, and both must be active; often, indeed, their attributes can be combined in one and the same person.

Moreover the knowledge of the expert is not the only knowledge at which we must aim. The education of the average citizen is to be considered. It is no use going too fast for him, no use being too far ahead of the time; anything achieved under those conditions is likely to be upset by the return swing of the pendulum.

Social progress is only sure and lasting when the average citizen is ripe for it, when he is carried along by the reformers and realizes the benefit of what has been done. Society cannot be reconstructed from outside, it must be reconstructed from within, it must in a manner reconstruct itself, or it will be unstable. This is the whole problem, this is the real and noble difficulty in dealing with self-conscious material and free agents. They cannot with wisdom be coerced, they must be led; and this process takes time, and is the reason why progress is so slow. Machines can be managed on the coercion principle, but not men.

Looked at with seeing eyes this doctrine bears pressing very far; it can be applied even to Divine dealings with humanity, and accounts for the amount of sin and misery still existing in the world. Omnipotence itself could not with wisdom reform mankind faster than they desire to be reformed, nor can it permanently impose upon them conditions which they are incompetent to assimilate. A momentary outburst into intellectual splendor might be ac-

complished, as it was once in Athens, but it would be followed by centuries of falling back and comparative degradation.

But the time was never so ripe as it is now for the education of the average man. The hopelessness of effecting any permanent reform without his concurrence is the chief reason indeed which leads many of us to lay so great a stress upon education, upon real education and the reform of the schools, and upon reconsideration of the orthodox methods of imparting knowledge and stimulating thought and enquiry in use up till now.

If social problems and difficulties and reforms could be introduced to and contemplated by ingenuous youth, before they became sophisticated by false traditions and imbued with selfish and pecuniary interests, much might be achieved. For it could then be realized how far from anything like an approach to perfection we now are, the true meaning of civilization and social existence could be emphasized, and the desperately backward and uncivilized condition of our present state realized. It is a matter of common observation that young people have many of them a keen and generous appreciation of, and feel a yearning towards, a more ideal state of things; until they get dazed and bewildered and disheartened by the selfish conditions of life as it is, and fall back into the customary routine of conventional concurrence with the general trend of Society.

Take a few instances. What is the customary attitude to foreign politics on the part of our legislators? I do not wish to generalize unduly, but a cynic might say, with just sufficient truth to make us uncomfortable, that our foreign policy is to let things be, to refrain from studying questions and looking ahead, as long as people are quiet; and only to attend when they become a nuisance, especially when

they threaten, or seem to threaten, our pecuniary interests. Then, to act in a sudden, spasmodic, excited manner, and enter upon operations which are very costly before they are completed.

Such assertion might be made by a cynical observer; but he would have to admit a few brilliant exceptions, due to our leaders, exceptions which I gladly and gratefully acknowledge. The Anglo-French *entente* is one of them; the Japanese Alliance is conspicuously another; certain honorable dealings with America are a third; and our behavior in Egypt, both in war and peace, is a fourth. There may be others; and what I wish to point out is that whenever our Statesmen and leaders do thus look ahead and achieve something in a peaceful and progressive and meritorious direction, the populace appreciate it; the people are ready for this mode of dealing with foreign affairs, they are generous and hopeful, and willing to sacrifice something for the good of the world; they are indeed usually more unselfish and more "Christian," if I may use that expression, than our rulers and financiers have imagined them or always proved themselves to be.

Hence, on the principle that the average man must be carried with us if progress is to be permanent, I say that the conditions are hopeful.

I am one of those who are beginning to contemplate the possibility of a national or citizen army, each one in his youth devoting a certain time to the acquisition of drill and discipline and the use of weapons for national defence. I believe it will make for peace, inasmuch as it will bring home the danger and responsibility of war to every hearth in the kingdom; for a people whose ordinary avocations are upset by active service will not rush into it as rashly as do a people who maintain a professional fighting class, whose career and opportunities for dis-

tion are essentially involved in the occurrence of hostilities.

Through the half century of my own life we have fought certain wars which to the best of my judgment we should not have fought. The Crimea was the first of them; few now think that we should have fought the Russians at the behest of Louis Napoleon for the purpose of maintaining the domination of an Asiatic race over a controversial portion of Europe in order to close the natural maritime outlet of a great nation. And the last instance is very recent. I know that there is always something to be said on both sides. I trust that the verdict of history may be on our side, but I much fear it will go against us in several cases. Yet these wars have retarded the growth of civilization and entailed terrible suffering—a depressing thought, if no adequate good has come of it all.

On the other hand I believe that we should have put down our foot strongly, and been ready to fight, if need be, in protection of certain maltreated people whose existence we had contracted to maintain. A nation which rushes into battle for selfish causes only, and which refrains, and is known to be certain to refrain, from the expense and trouble of contest for any unselfish or noble cause or in protection of the weak, does not, any more than an individual, earn the respect of the world; nor does it really strengthen its position, not even its sub-lunary position, among the nations.

"There is that scattereth and yet increaseth" in this sphere also, and "prestige" is an asset not to be acquired on the grounds of financial and territorial considerations alone. If our devotion to material gain is too concentrated and strenuous we run the risk of losing even that. Let the British Empire uphold the right and the truth, and it may hope and deserve to be prosperous and perpetual; let it exhibit itself to

the world in purely selfish guise, and decadence will assuredly set in.

I am convinced that young people will realize this: I feel assured that greed and sophistication are acquired characters, and fortunately that they are not transmitted to offspring by inheritance, though by example and precept they may be and are gradually instilled.

Well, then, take the condition of Society at home. The people for the most part, in Britain, are now aggregated into great cities and towns, and the country is becoming depopulated. Are the cities admirable and attractive places, and are the conditions of existence in town and country such as they might readily be made, with our present knowledge of, and control over, natural forces?

We must answer with conviction, assuredly no!

The towns are subject to a blight of squalor and poverty and dirt: the West-End may live in forgetfulness of them, but the slums of a town cover a great area, and they are hideously depressing. To think of people living there, year in year out and all their lives, is unspeakably repellent. We who get away, for travel and holidays and change, do not realize all that it must mean towards the dwarfing and degradation of the human soul. The fact that good and decent and exemplary lives are lived in these dismal surroundings is again a most hopeful feature and speaks well for humanity. It proves itself superior to its environment, it dominates its surroundings, and blossoms as we see a flowering shrub sometimes blossoming among material ruin and decay.

And what we have to teach, throughout, is that in no sort of way is man to be the slave of his environment. No longer is he to adapt himself to surrounding circumstances, changing color with them as do the insects and plants.

It is not himself which is to suit the environment, but he is to make the environment suit him. This is the one irrefragable doctrine that must be hammered into the ears of this generation till they realize its truth and accept it. The struggle for existence, supplemented by other great facts and laws, some of them partially known, some quite unknown, has brought us to what we are. It has done its slow and painful and beneficent work. All through the ages of the world's history the blind and inevitable facts or forces—struggle for existence and survival of the fittest—have been operating, so as to *clinch* as it were and perpetuate every favorable variation, which, either by accident or by design, has arisen; and thus has animal nature been confirmed and strengthened and improved, until it has risen to the altitude of conscious and controlling man.

There, however, the function of these blind forces begins to cease. Man progresses now, not by exterminating the weak, but by caring for them; not by wars and fierce competition, but by the unobtrusive pursuits of peace, and by the development of families and firms and communities organized for mutual help and co-operation; and this element of higher progress—already foreshadowed as it was in the animal kingdom—we have now consciously to recognize and intensify, till we land at length in the friendly co-operation and brotherhood of the whole human race.

It is not human nature that must be altered to suit circumstances, nor need it be adapted to material surroundings; it must be obedient to the laws of nature certainly, but within their sway we have entered on the period of conscious evolution, and have begun the adaptation of environment to organism. It is thus that all progress in the rearing of domestic animals has been accomplished. The Procrustean system

of unaided nature is over; and under the fostering care of man results are achieved which else would have been impossible. Hitherto man has applied processes associated with care and culture to the quadrupeds and to the birds, he has not yet applied it to the fish of the sea, nor has he altogether learnt how to apply it to his own species. A beginning of intelligent treatment of humanity has been made, but for the most part men are still left to struggle up against adverse circumstances as best they may, and the weakest still go to the wall. There are some who indulge in the enervating and dangerous fallacy that this is the best way, that a policy of masterly inactivity and *laissez faire* is best for the race, and that any interference will result in weakness and decadence.

There may be some here present who think so: for the fallacy still exists among thoughtful men. Nevertheless I wish to maintain that it is a deadly fallacy, and that our constant endeavor should be to continue the process of extermination of this fallacy begun by Professor Huxley in his famous Oxford "Romanes Lecture." The surface of the earth is to be amended by us, the forces of nature are to be first understood and then curbed, controlled and utilized. Higher aims are to replace mere survival in a struggle for subsistence. We have entered on the epoch of conscious control, and must assume our full dignity as man. As Mr. Huxley said, in "Evolution and Ethics":—

"Social progress means a checking of the cosmic process at every step, and the substitution for it of another, which may be called the ethical process. . . . It is from neglect of these plain considerations that the fanatical individualism of our time attempts to apply the analogy of cosmic nature to society. . . . Let us understand, once for all, that the ethical progress of Society depends, not on imitating the cos-

mic process, still less in running away from it, but in combating it."—Pp. 81-83.

"The most highly civilized societies have substantially reached [a position where] the struggle for existence can play no important part within them."—P. 36.

And now a word as to method.

The first thing to learn is that evils are often not to be attacked too directly, that the most obvious and direct way is seldom the wisest or the most effective: the wisest policy is often indirect.

When a gardener sees his flowers droop and wither, when he sees the fruit decay or remain sour and shrivelled, he does not always attend to the blooms alone, nor even to the buds and blossoms; he goes deeper than that, he surmises that there is some canker at the root, and he searches for the parasite that is poisoning or draining the life blood from the tree; or he makes laboratory experiments in vegetable pathology, of a character apparently quite wide of the mark.

So I advocate we should deal with such evils as the dirt, disease and drunkenness of our towns, with the perennial problem of the unemployed, and with all the manifold evils which still cling like a canker to our wealth and civilization. We should treat these evils as we treat diseases and cankers affecting the fruit, and should seek for the causes deeply and pertinaciously, with the object of removing them by indirect and permanent means.

First of all we must bring home the evil to people, otherwise they get so accustomed to it that they begin to think that it is the normal and necessary condition of Society. They even quote biblical authority for it, saying, "The poor ye have always with you,"—as if that meant that the grime and wretchedness of city slums were to be always with us (although they do not exist in such countries as Sweden and

Tyrol); whereas its real meaning is that poor people requiring help and assistance, people bowed down by trouble and sickness and accident and sorrow, people who require the kindly aid of the good Samaritan, the healing influence of ointment,—these we shall have always with us; and no era would be an era of prosperity from which the sympathy and help of man to man should be a thing of the past; the community of human nature, and dependence upon mutual aid, will be eternal. But to maintain that the grimy and soul-destroying wretchedness of human outcasts, that death by starvation, and the transmission of disease by ignorance and dirt and sin,—to maintain that these are permanently decreed Divine ordinances, otherwise than as the necessary outcome of neglect and mismanagement, is essential blasphemy.

To realize what a city ought to be—might be if we thought it worth while to set the ideal before us and strive to reach it—we can contemplate the visions of painters and poets. These are the seers of humanity, and their visions are only the precursors of what it is for us after laborious generations to make real and actual. To think that the ideal is impossible is to show a lack of faith; it cannot be achieved quickly, but if each generation will endeavor to contribute its quota to the common amelioration, something like a millennium may arrive before people at present think it at all likely. Nature will co-operate with us; we have only to learn her ways and to set ourselves to work in accordance with natural laws and not against them, and we shall find the task easier than we think. Here is a picture of city life as seen by Burne-Jones, in the form of a design for one of two pictures inspired by Rossetti's poem "The Blessed Damosel"—it must not be pressed prosaically into detail, it is a dream city, but it is more inspiring than a smoky slum:—

"In the first picture I shall make a man walking in the street of a great city, full of all kinds of happy life; children . . . and lovers walking, and ladies leaning from windows all down great lengths of street leading to the city walls; and there the gates are wide open, letting in a space of green field and cornfield in harvest; and all round his head a great rain of swirling autumn leaves blowing from a little walled graveyard."—*Memorials of Edward Burne-Jones*, vol. I., p. 153.

There is nothing far-fetched or impossible about it. Nature will do her part readily enough towards this picture. It is man's selfish and misguided aims that are at fault, not the nature of things.

And then as to country life, at present it is said to be dull and depressing and monotonous; it need not be so. The utilization of leisure is a vitally important feature, far too much neglected hitherto. I commend the efforts of the "Social Institutes' Union" to your notice. I am convinced that the provision of opportunities for wise utilization of leisure will be a great means of improvement, the greatest opponent of the mere drinking den. Education is doing much for life in towns, it will do much also to make life interesting in the country. In summer it can hardly fail to be stimulating; and in winter no village need be without its electric light, its recreation room, its library, and even its laboratory, in which winter study may be pursued by the more studious, and much information gained for application to actual husbandry, or to fill the vacant hours of manual labor with worthy thoughts, when the season of long days comes round. A developed system of agriculture is full of interest, but it has been shamefully neglected, until almost the last and dimmest use to which land can be put

in some places is the growth of crops—the growth of that food on which the whole livelihood of the people necessarily depends.

The salvation and restoration of land to its right use is a great difficulty. Why do these difficulties exist? What is the root cause of our present disabilities? It is for experts to say, not for me. But in so far as I have been able to form any tentative and provisional opinion I cannot help thinking that the custom of allowing absolute ownership of land to individuals, instead of to communities, is responsible for a good deal. To me it is somewhat surprising that it is quite legal and ordinary for a person to be able to sell a portion of England for his own behoof. It does not seem to me reasonable, in any high sense, that a bit of the Country itself should belong absolutely to some individual, so that he has the right to cut down trees on it, to dig up the minerals in it, to sell either it or its coal, to lay it waste and desolate as a deer forest, or a cinder-heap, if it so pleases him, and to levy a heavy tax on building enterprise; to do, in fact, what he likes with his own, and live elsewhere on the proceeds in idleness and luxury.

I do not say that landowners actually do this, but it is legal for them to do it. That is the system under which we have grown up, and are absurdly accustomed to; and that individuals refrain from exercising their full rights, that they recognize duties and responsibilities and devote themselves to such schemes of betterment as may commend themselves to their intelligence, is all to the good as far as it goes, but I do not think that matters of such vital importance should be left to the caprice of an individual, nor that any abuse of his rights should be permissible.

If ownership of land is permitted by law, the owner should be a trustee,

not a parasite. Whether there be any parasites now, merely draining the fruits of the labor of others and claiming a butterfly existence for themselves and their successors, I do not presume to say, but I conjecture that there are some, though I hope few.

Then, looking at Society as an outsider, it has long appeared to me, that there is another matter that may have to be considered some day—viz., the law of inheritance; whereby a person can acquire a competence and live luxuriously without necessarily doing a stroke of work of any kind all his life. It is not an easy problem, how to regulate inheritance, indeed it is a supremely difficult one; but the idea that life is intolerable without some inherited background or cushion of property, the idea that people may live without working and yet without disgrace, is responsible for much incompetence and some misery. It is good neither for the youth brought up in that idea, nor for those whose labor has to supply him with what he demands: it acts badly all round; and even though the looked-for competence is small, it has contributed to the ruin of sons or nephews, in cases known to most of us.

But it will be said, would you have no men of leisure? On the contrary, I would have no men without leisure. Leisure—time at our own disposal, time to live and do something worth doing, wholly for its own sake—is the most valuable asset in life. All should have leisure, but then also all should work. No one should be idle, completely idle, save on pain of starvation or the disciplinary drill of prison.

But then the term "work" should be interpreted wisely and liberally, it would be no kindness, no improvement, and perfect folly, to insist that everyone should make things with his hands. The world would be cluttered up with useless products: man does not live by bread and furniture and material im-

plements alone, nor even by pictures and statues and works of art alone. The poet, the musician, the artist, the author, the explorer, the student, the thinker, the statesman—all these are workers; and a country, even our country, is not so deadly poor but that it can afford to support people engaged in these and many other superficially unsubstantial occupations. The preposterous error of the French Democracy in executing Lavoisier, because "the Republic had no need of chemists," is hardly likely to be repeated; if it were, then to any such short-sighted folly as that the present conditions of competition and endowed idleness are infinitely to be preferred; because among the people so provided for a genius or a saint, of the utmost importance to the race, may here and there arise. The community should have the sense to maintain people of every worthy kind; and if it can be shown that the present indirect plan of doing so is the best and most appropriate, well and good. I do not deny it: I only say that it is a question that demands thought and consideration and cannot be answered offhand.

But that being so, and reform being surrounded with difficulties, what is there that can be tackled at once? What reforms are possible when everything is so complicated, and when everybody is free to think as he pleases and within limits to do what he thinks right?

Is there any class on which the hand of reform may at once be laid?

I say there are two such classes.

There are the people whom Society has for its own protection deprived of their freedom, and, by actual manual force, taken under its own control; and there are the people who for the sake of bare subsistence have voluntarily surrendered their individual freedom for a time. In other words, there are the criminals and there are the pau-

pers. These classes are subject to drill and discipline, and upon them experiments in improvement and organization can be tried.

Now I contend that hitherto, in these two directions, Society has by no means yet risen to a sense of its power and its responsibility. It is too deeply imbued with the idea of punishment, too faithless about efforts towards reformation and improvement.

I ask for a serious study of these two great classes, and some perception of the splendid opportunity for direct treatment which they afford.

So far as it is permissible for me to have an opinion, I suggest that we should do well to remove the stigma of disgrace and deterrence attaching to the poor-house, and regard it as a place not only for maintaining the impotent and aged in fair comfort, as at present, but also for dealing efficiently with the able-bodied of weak character; and so try to convert it into an instrument of instruction and discipline and organization for those mental and moral invalids who are unable or unwilling to organize their own lives. Competent people, who can organize themselves, will stay outside; incompetent people, who cannot organize themselves, who are deficient in energy and in will power, will drift inside,—inside the working of the system I mean, not necessarily inside a building,—to take advantage of the organizing power of Society; just as workmen enter a factory to take advantage of the organizing and administrative ability of its head.

Very well, by so drifting under the organization and discipline exercised by a community, they acknowledge, or are supposed to acknowledge, failure of a sort; and the same sort of disgrace attaches to them as attaches to a man who fails in business—no more and no less. It may be their own fault, it may be the fault of their parents, it

may be the fault of social conditions; it is a fruitless quest to seek judicially and seriously to administer praise or blame. The medical profession is wise: it does not seek to blame, it seeks to cure its patients. These are the patients of Society: in their present state they are useless, and they are very likely deserving of blame. Any way they have failed, and they require help.

What sort of help? Not material help alone, though that doubtless in the first instance, but intellectual and moral help chiefly. They must be shown how to live, how to work, how to develop their faculties. They must be content to be treated in some respects as children, helpless and sad but not yet rebellious children, for whom life has been too hard. To put them to a hopeless task, like oakum-picking or breaking stones, is to disgust them with labor; to give them things like this to do, for which a machine is the proper agent, if it is ever now done, this treatment is not only folly, it is wickedness. I solemnly believe that it is wickedness; and if in this I am mistaken, I trust that experts—not conventional ones accustomed and inured to the system and incapable of original thought, but real experts—will point out my error.

We should not try to degrade men, however low they may have sunk: when they come to our house of refuge, our establishment for the relief of the poor, we should seek to raise them, to put heart into them, to treat them kindly and as human beings. Guardians doubtless often endeavor to do this and to administer the law in a kindly spirit, but it is not in accordance with the system: the system aims at exclusion of what are called "the undeserving" by harshness applied all round. Why should Society set upon weak people and try to crush them into hopelessness and rebellion? That is not the object for which we pay poor rates. At present the poor rate is

rather a mockery: it does not help people till they are quite down and destitute, and then it tries to degrade them. Gentlemen, we ought not to stand this; the time has come for reconsideration and reform. If we could but feel assured that our contributions went to making happier and healthier and more hopeful the poor folk who either by defective character or defective education or rough street influences or deficient industry, have drifted into a condition of idleness as bad and useless as that of some specimens of our loafing gilded youth—if we could feel that our Poor-law contributions would result in their being helped, disciplined, and encouraged to get their foot once more on the ladder which they have slipped off, so as to earn enough—the very small pittance needed—to keep them from starvation until hope and humanity began once more to dawn in their spirits, if they could be shown a way of escape from the down-grade on which they are drifting, then each of us would gladly pay the rate demanded.

Moreover, it would be a profitable investment for Society. By placing the people on land, on unreclaimed or unfertile land calling out for labor, under skilled supervision, they might, I believe, be made self-supporting before long;¹ but even failing that, some of them could be rescued from the slough of despond into which they have fallen, and prevented from drifting into that most expensive of all classes—more expensive to maintain than even the landed gentry and far less picturesque—the criminal class.

Whatever may be the case with paupers, concerning the criminal class I am perfectly certain we are doing wrong. We are seeking to punish, not

¹ It may be suggested that there is scope for the uncompetitive organization of abundance of cheap labor in works adapted to resist the wastage of English land by encroachment of the sea.

to educate, stimulate, reform. Punishment is not our function. We think it is, but it is not. It comes in incidentally, in accordance with the laws of nature, but it should not be our primary aim. We have a right to protect ourselves, but we have no right to break a man's spirit and undermine his intelligence and character. Solitary confinement does that. Hopeless idleness and degradation does that.

We behave as if we assumed that criminals are already so low and degraded that nothing we can do to them will damage them further. We do not really assume anything of the kind. We know that such an idea is false; but Society prefers not to contemplate the conditions of prison life, and leaves the painful subject alone. The government of gaols is a convenient form of pension for Officers retired from active service; and a severe military form of discipline, we appear to hope, may be the right sort of thing. Very well, then, I think it is not; I ask for reconsideration of the question, and I believe that it will be found that, however *penally* successful it may be, it is a thoroughly bad and incompetent system of administration from the point of view of any good outcome or profitable result.

Prisoners should be put under industrial conditions, and should be organized into useful members of Society. Remember they are not the incompetent weaklings of the casual ward: some of them are men of ability, some have succumbed to temptation, some of them have been born and bred as criminals, as to a profession, and have never had a fair chance. Some doubtless are brutal and hopeless, but these are the exceptions; these should be treated medically and psychologically, like other interesting abnormalities: the whole system should not be organized on their behalf. Criminals should be made gradually self-supporting, their

labor should be useful; and self-respect—the natural outcome of self-support—should be encouraged. Unless they are reformed they should not be set free. So far I am in agreement with Sir Robert Anderson, with whose views in general, religious as well as social, I find myself usually in profound disagreement. It is stupid to release them in order knowingly to reinforce the ranks of the criminal classes. Prisons should be reformatories, and sentences might be indefinite and contingent on reform. But, in order to be effective reformatories, they must be humanely and wisely administered; it is a most difficult task, demanding earnest and self-sacrificing and constant attention; and the present system should be radically overhauled. It is not so much emendation as revolution of the present system that is needed; and if any trade-unions, or other corporate bodies of workmen, object to the utilization of prison labor and the production of useful commodities even for internal consumption, then it should be made clear to those trade-unions or other bodies that the object of prison discipline is not primarily the manufacture of goods, but the reform and manufacture of human beings from the refuse of humanity—a kind of “shoddy” eminently worthy of this Divine Factory, the Earth; they must be taught that so long as a man retains a spark of humanity, and so long as Society takes away his liberty and makes itself responsible for his future, no consideration of trumpery material, no question of immediate apparent profit or loss, should prevent every effort to turn him out a respectable and worthy citizen. Nor do I believe that the trade-union leaders would object to this, if it were properly presented to them, any more than they object to evening technical rate-aided schools, municipal educational institutions, and other machinery for swelling the ranks of the competent and the

trained and the respected artisan. Workmen leaders have not shown themselves selfish nor foolish when properly informed. Sometimes they lack information, and then they naturally take a wrong view; but even selfishly, opposition would be unwise. The people have to be maintained; surely something should be got out of them, they should not be maintained in idleness. Enforced idleness may be a cruel punishment, but it is an expensive one to apply.

However, workmen have never taken a selfish view of a social question yet, when it was properly placed before them. I hope that any initial opposition they may feel will disappear when they realize:—

(1) That the test to be applied to every social institution and to every social scheme, the way to see whether an alteration is really useful and valuable or not, is to consider what is the ultimate end and aim of existence, what is the ultimate product for which activity and labor and enterprise are worthily expended: then they will perceive that the answer must be,—humanity, life, fulness of existence, high and noble manhood; there is no product which excels that in value; the manufacture of all else must be subordinate to the manufacture of that.

That is the first proposition which they should realize; and the second is:—

(2) That the great social organizations called workhouses and gaols might be manufactories of human beings, hospitals, as it were, for the ill and warped, not of body but of mind and character, receptacles for refuse and converters of it into manhood and womanhood. Let them realize even the possibility of such a change, and they will welcome any arrangements which could bring about this much-needed reform.

Again it must be held that direct agencies—Prisoners' Aid Societies, and

the like—are but palliatives, temporarily necessary no doubt, but quite incompetent to deal with the root of the evil. There is not time to deal with people when they come out of prison, broken and disgraced: it is too late then; no, it is all the time, the months or years, that they are in prison, that furnishes the opportunity for getting at them and putting them through such a course of study, discipline and wholesome and interesting work, as shall fit them to take their place in the army of citizens when they emerge.

To say that the army of workers is already overstocked is no answer: if it were, it is equivalent to throwing up the sponge and admitting that this planet cannot support its present population. It is absurd to suppose that; when as yet science has not been to any large extent applied to agriculture, when scientific organization and material have never yet been seriously applied to human problems, when the bulk of people even of good position are seriously under-educated, when we are only emerging from the region of individual competition and *laissez-faire*, only just escaping from the time when legislation was governed by class-interest, and when the populace, though nominally free, were really serfs, and when, as some urge it should be even now, the whip of starvation was held over them lest they should fail to do their quota of work to maintain those above them in leisured ease.

Time enough to acknowledge defeat and take refuge in despair when a few centuries of really intelligent study and unselfish legislation have been tried.

A beginning of the new state of things is being made. Municipal and socialistic enterprises are in the air. They are running the gauntlet of criticism and suspicion, as all good things have to do, before they are purged of their dross; undoubtedly they must justify themselves, and by admirable

management must make good their claim to be the beginning of better things; but this I will say, that never was the outlook so hopeful. Never were all classes so permeated by the spirit, not the phrases but the essential spirit, of brotherhood and co-operation, never was there such universal recognition of the beauty of the spirit of real and vital Christianity, far above the differences and dogmas of the sects.

The Contemporary Review.

With the extension of local self-government, call it devolution or what you will, legislative progress may be more rapid: the best men will throw themselves into public service with more heart and energy than now, when in an overloaded and centralized assembly progress is so slow and the machinery so old and cumbersome that the output is quite incomparable with the time and labor involved in getting it through.

Oliver Lodge.

WATLEY'S WITNESS.

I.

Watley was haled before a special sitting of the Dissby Bench. The matter was highway robbery with violence—no less. Over-night a well-known farmer named Tenbow had been waylaid driving home from Dissby Market—Dissby is a small country town in the South Midlands—and the local police laid hands on Watley—Watley was a grizzled tramp, and therefore a hardened reprobate. Farmer Tenbow (sometimes known as "Old Georgy Tenbow") kept his bed over it, and Watley—on whom nothing was found, and who at first touch attempted a derisive innocence in a queer, shaky sort of way—Watley soon found something of a story to tell.

Watley had known Mr. Tenbow, of Saffron Hill Farm, forty years, he informed the bench in the Town Hall. "I was acquainted with the family as a youth," he said, "when this present Mr. Tenbow was 'young Mr. George' to everybody, and before my own unfortunate——"

"Never mind that. You saw Mr. Tenbow yesterday?"

"A gentleman I have always respected very highly," resumed Watley, bowing apologies. Watley had a stiff policeman on each side and three mag-

istrates seated before him, so Watley did most of the courtesies going. Watley, indeed, besides choosing his words and regarding his aspirates, usually, when he spoke, inclined himself with engaging smiles and pleased rubbings of his hands—a man of address. Watley. In person he was very tall and shrivelled; he had tangled, nondescript hair and a week's gray stubble on his chin; his dingy old coat shook upon him loosely, his frayed and patched trousers hung as though encasing long walking sticks, and his boots were well ventilated. "One of my oldest and most esteemed——" he assured the Bench beamingly, "not, of course, forgetting the difference in our present positions, and very sorry, indeed, I was to learn——"

"Now, now! You were the last person seen with Mr. Tenbow last night, and that was along the road between Dissby here and his own house. State what time—give your account."

"About eight o'clock," said Watley, less effusively. "Two hours after dark, and a more nasty, lonely bit of road I've never driven."

"Oh, you rode with him! And where were *you* going?"

"With Mr. Tenbow."

"To his house with him? Now, think," as Watley hesitated.

"Well, I was, and I wasn't, gentlemen. That was accordingly, and if something happened, for Mr. Tenbow is a man of his word."

"What do you mean? Speak out."

"I—I'd warned Mr. Tenbow," said Watley, like one plunging. "That made me there. I had a suspicion that somebody meant robbing him." And having gone so far, Watley was compelled to go further. "A whisper the day before," he explained. "In a—er—a house of resort, and quite strangers to me, on my dying—No, I couldn't see them; but there seemed to be two at least. It wasn't till I got to bed afterwards that it really struck me, for you often hear things. You see they didn't mention names, they referred to an—er—elderly gent——"

"No, no. Give the exact words you say you heard."

"An old cock with a rough tongue and a tub on him,' saving your presence, gentlemen, 'drives an old pony in a four-wheel,' they said, 'home from Dissby every Thursday night all alone, with a skin full of whisky, and a gold watch and chain, and a pocket full of money to pay his men with on the Friday.'"

The Bench accepted the description. "And you informed Mr. Tenbow?"

"Not—er—verbatim," said Watley. "Mr. George Tenbow is a very peculiar man—not a man to offend—and I had to be very careful."

"He knew you?"

"So he remarked," said Watley demurely.

"Well, as you rode with him, you can tell us all about it."

"But I'd left him, gentlemen. As I informed the police this morning——"

"Then he wasn't afraid?"

"Who?" said Watley, starting. "Old Georgy! Never in his life, your hon-

ors. I was. And he chipped me, your honors."

"Chipped you?"

"Chaffed me," explained Watley; "roasted me, gentlemen. Mr. Tenbow is always given that way, and he gets worse—especially in the way he chuckles while he's rubbing it into you. Last night he kidded me because we were not interfered with after what I had told him, rasped me something cruel all the way—he'd been to market and stayed as usual—and you should have heard him when I kicked and got out."

"Whereabouts was that?"

"Just at the bottom where the culvert runs under the road—against the trees. He said it would be *there*, if anywhere, and he *would* pull up—to give 'em a chance, he said. And *then* he went on! And even when I jumped out at last he sat calling round at me—everything! And after all he was stopped up the hill, not far from his own gate."

"Oh, you know that?"

"Everybody knows that, gentlemen."

"But you must have been quite close. Was there nobody along the road?"

"Not a soul to be seen."

"And you heard nothing—on your oath?"

Watley wriggled. "I did hear what I took to be Mr. Tenbow swearing and grunting," he said slowly, "but I wasn't going back. Just then I almost hoped he was being robbed for his obstinacy, and for his rounding on those that would have saved him. And I thought that if anything was happening and I got back soon enough, I should only get my head in the way of something hard, and I really wasn't equal to it, for I never felt worse. And then it struck me I'd left my stick in the pony chaise, and if worst was worst—for I had my fancies Mr. Tenbow being an old man—and I was

handy, I might just drop in for being whipping-boy, for I'm always the unluckiest of men. So I rather made haste, gentleman."

"Rather," the Bench agreed. The police evidence showed that Watley had put miles between.

"And I was out of sorts—nervous," resumed Watley, shaking his head. "I think, perhaps, it was the—er—the eating; for I'd been very fortunate in the day, and I'm hardly accustomed"—Watley stroked his "Little Mary" and sighed. "I've never been quite myself since, and after all his kindness is it likely——?"

"Ingenious," observed the Bench, after consultation. "You are remanded pending inquiries."

"But," protested Watley, "there's Mr. Tenbow himself. He'll say—if you'll allow me, gentlemen, Mr. Tenbow will clear me."

"Mr. Tenbow is still unconscious from his injuries last night, and it is doubtful whether he will recover. If not, and on present evidence, you lie under a very serious charge, and we should strongly advise you to make up your mind to tell the whole truth."

Watley seemed staggered. He stood with his mouth gaping and working. When he spoke again he lacked his suavity. "Ridiculous!" he ejaculated shrilly. "I should like to say—like to see——" The Bench ordered his removal, and Watley lost his manners and his head.

"Lemme see Mr. Tenbow!" he shrieked. "I will—I must! This is a put-up job! It's you!" he raved, rounding on the burly inspector who had put possessive hands upon him. "Lemme be taken! I say, lemme——"

Watley was taken outside. He had struggled, raving his innocence and his wishes to see Mr. Tenbow, and the inspector promptly showed his superiors how a prisoner should be handcuffed. Watley—a moment mak-

ing as though he would wring his hands—descended the Town Hall steps guarded, and shaking his head, and looking at his feet, and stumbling.

Without the official van was drawn up, its door open. Watley stopped, shrank, stared away down where the long country street dreamed in the October sunshine; Watley glanced to the left—over the old red-brick Market Square; Watley turned again and gazed down the street intently, obliviously. The burly inspector clapped him on the shoulder, and Watley started convulsively, glared an instant, put his head down, and then that inspector grunted mightily from a terrific shock below the belt. Watley flew back like a spring uncoiled and another guardian bounced away, as though from a rattling charge at football. Then Watley was off down the street, running.

II.

Watley always "saw" Mr. Tenbow when he travelled that route, and the day before Watley had duly waited on Dissby Market Place and near the "Crown" until Mr. Tenbow approached there alone, and then Watley got in the way and touched his cap several times.

"Morning, Mr. Tenbow," he said, bending low, "good morning to you, sir. I hope you have your health, sir?"

Mr. George Tenbow frowned. He was a big-bodied old man with a strong, shaven upper lip and massive features supported by a bushy iron-gray beard; he walked stolidly, and as though he carried weight physical and social; he carried also a strong stick, and he put that stick down strongly.

"Ha! Watley, you here again?" he said sternly—his voice was deep, his utterance measured, and he stressed certain vowels compellingly. "You still crawling and creeping through

your miserable existence, you shifty old good-for-nothing! hey?"

"Yes, Mr. Tenbow," said Watley, beaming. (Afterwards, if all went well, Watley would rehearse "Old Georgy," with affectionate gusto.) "Once again I have the pleasure, sir—"

"The same old game, you rascal!" said Mr. Tenbow, swelling in his swelling coat, and showing more of his grizzled hair from under the broad brim of his hat. "Aren't you ashamed to show your false old face? you thorough-paced waster!"

"Very pleased to see you looking so wonderfully well, sir," said Watley, rubbing his hands. "When I caught sight of you coming across the Square I said to myself—Is that really Mr. Tenbow? You look positively younger, sir. May I hope that your respected household—?"

"Scamp!" said Mr. Tenbow, shaking his stick at Watley, and then clumping into the "Crown" for his market dinner.

"When he's lined," soliloquized Watley, looking after him almost admiringly—"when he's lined." And Watley was there ready when Mr. Tenbow came out again a good hour later with a big cigar in his mouth and his large-hewn face smoothed somewhat.

"Still holding up the street corners, Watley," he said, chuckling grimly and deep, "still a gentleman of leisure, hey? Now, what was it you promised me last time if I'd only, only, *only*—you rascal? Didn't you say, and vow, and swear—r—?"

"I was merely hoping for a word with you, sir," said Watley eagerly. "It's extremely important, if you'll have the kindness, sir?"

"Ha! ha! Watley, always some precious tale or other! Don't I know your blank, smooth, wheedling, soft-soaping ways? Private and particular, is it? Delicate! ha! ha! You feel some diffi-

dence, do you? Watley, you're improving. If I only had your face, and your indiarubber backbone, and your con-founded, coaxing, double-greased, counter-jumper's tongue, they'd be worth a thousand a year to me. Word with me, hey? I know what you want, you sly old fox! Come in, Watley." And Mr. Tenbow turned back into the "Crown" hall.

"Give this man a good feed," he thundered, "and let him fill his pockets afterwards—a scamp that he is!—in the taproom, or the scullery, or the coal-hole—something hot and plenty of it, and precious little to drink," he commanded the landlady, while Watley, in the rear, beamed and turned his cap in his hands. "I remember his people, you know—he comes of a good stock—and he might have been a little king in his own castle—a God-forsaken rascal! A word with me, hey, Watley? Oh, you're old in wickedness—you'll never repent, you dog! Something unusual, is it? And you'll see me later. Ha! ha! Here's a shilling for yourself, Watley. Get your feet under the 'Crown' table, you black—" Mr. Tenbow had clumped outside again, and, "Knew his people—Comes of a good stock—See me later, ha! ha!" died away in a rumble.

It was dark when Watley saw Mr. Tenbow "later." Mr. Tenbow was in his pony-chaise with Dissby behind him, and Mr. Tenbow was frankly surprised and understood slowly. "*You?*" he said, pulling up, for Watley trotted alongside, gurgling, "Jus—one—minute, Mr. Tenbow. Me, Jack Watley!" A restless wind noised in the roadside trees, overhead many stars shone from a black sky, a good furlong away behind glimmered the last lamps of Dissby, and ahead, beyond where the near road glistened under the lamps of the chaise, everything merged and massed to an inky sky line. Watley panted, his hand out, and Mr. Tenbow lay back in his seat, hard.

"Not another copper, Watley," he said, tightening his rugs, "not another blank ha'penny. You sleep out, Watley; if you're too late for the House you roost on the tiles till you're sober again, you sin-dried scamp of a soaker!"

Watley repudiated, gesticulated, got out his warning. "I wanted to ask you to go home by daylight, sir," he said, "but I know you wouldn't if I had, and now it's as dark as murder and a lonely road, and I couldn't tell anybody else. But you just take a policeman with you, sir."

Mr. Tenbow laughed like a hoarse old lion tickled.

"Policeman!" he scoffed, "pretty old fool I should look! Po-lice! Ha! ha! Watley—old Tenbow with a bobby to guard him home! They'd think I was childish, and shouldn't I hear of it? Watley, you must be very far gone—a sovereign you can't show me that shilling, Watley."

Watley stood under the lamp. Two passing cyclists stared at the chaise in the flash of their lights meeting, and sang out a good-night to Mr. Tenbow as they swished on towards Dissby. But Mr. Tenbow was watching Watley, and Watley took out several coppers and a packet of tobacco. "Fivepence and an ounce, sir," he said triumphantly. "Three half-pints, and not a drop more, so help me!"

"Wonderful!" agreed Mr. Tenbow ironically. "You've been denying yourself—hatching up this yarn, I expect—that's the worst of a runaway tongue, Watley; or was this what you were wrapping up in sugar this morning? You seem half dazed, man! Tell you what, Watley, you shall come with me—two of these dreadful rogues, you say? Well, you shall come and make two of us. Why, what's the matter with you, man—you are all of a shake? Harkye, Watley," Mr. Tenbow dropped his voice, "*know* these men—these robbers? Friends of yours, hey?"

Watley, who had shrunk, advanced and swore not, lifting his right hand.

"Jump in, then," commanded Mr. Tenbow, making room with a grunt, "and show you're some good for once. Jump in, man, and back your precious tale. If there is any Dick Turpin business you shall have the best supper you've got outside of this thirty years, and we'll make a night of it afterwards for old times' sake. Jump in, I say, or I'll lay this whip across you for being only half a liar!"

Watley got into the chaise a little sullenly.

"You be my groom," said Mr. Tenbow, chuckling. "You can open the gate and touch your cap under the starlight, Watley; you're a born flunkey any day if you only had a clean shave and your hair parted down the middle. You can wager your life you'll go empty to-night and sleep under a hedge for your sins, Watley; but we'll trot gently so as to give your taradiddle a fair chance, and if you sit low and tuck your long legs away nobody'll ever notice you against my overcoat. Ha! ha! Watley! to think you should ever be fool enough—all this way out of your road. I fancy I see you crawling and praying at Saffron Hill—three miles from anywhere. But no mercy, Watley; I'll set the dogs on you—I swear it! Gosh!" said the old man, putting the whip back in the socket and taking up his stick suggestively, "I half wish something would turn up. I'd give a fiver, Watley, to see you in a money-or-your-life scrap in the dark. You needn't shake and shiver, man—you and me ought to be a match for any three villains—you can squeal and I'll slog. I see you've got a very useful cudgel with you, and if I didn't know you down to the very roots, I might think *you* meant mischief, Watley. Ha! ha!" Mr. Tenbow nudged his companion. "How do you feel *inside*, Watley? Feel like *blood*, hey?"

III.

That burly inspector was fairly winded. While Watley's long shambling legs sped down the street, he stood gasping and hugging his girth outside the Town Hall. But the other policeman sprang off in chase, and more were at hand. "Bike!" wheezed the inspector frantically—"Bi-like!"

Watley ran to where the houses thinned and had front gardens. Before him lay open country. On either hand women gaped from doorways, and males grinned at front gates. Here and there sundry carts had halted, their drivers turned, gazing. Way back shopkeepers in aprons dotted the street with white patches. Against the Town Hall a young constable appeared with a bicycle. Jestings bets were offered him as he mounted. The burly inspector, joined by as burly a sergeant, got into a butcher's cart and galloped. The Bench had come to the Town Hall steps, thence to the street, and one of the three J.P.'s had sent for his horse, and presently a bareheaded groom came running with a bay mare. The J.P., ready breeched and gaitered, and looking the jolly old fox-hunter he was, mounted and tore after the butcher's cart. Two or three other carts rattled after him, boys yelled, and the crowd rubbed its hands.

Street ran to open road, Watley ran well in the distance. Some of the near spectators ran too, but none checked him. All knew he would be caught, but they hoped not yet; man-hunts came rarely, and Watley bounded like a wild man. Once he swerved and struck his manacled hands on an iron fence, then, to the excited shout behind, he put them above his head and yelled. But the uniformed cyclist gained.

Watley was racing along the road he had travelled over-night; he passed the spot where he had joined Mr. Tenbow.

A little further, and on the right, a footpath turned off across the fields, and the footpath went straight to where Mr. Tenbow lived—Saffron Hill Farm. One walking thither cut off half a mile good by this path, and just as the pursuing cyclist came skimming up, Watley hopped over the stile on to it with his coat-tails flying. The eager constable overran and stopped with difficulty; and when he came to the stile Watley was well out on the path, and the path looked very rough and narrow. Here and there the recent plough had almost blotted it out; it glistened greasily; and the stiles along it, where the hedges made dark lines in the distance, were stumbling-blocks to cyclists. While the constable hesitated up rattled the butcher's cart, and the cart stopped too. "He means for old Tenbow's," said the inspector, looking after Watley like a man enlightened. "That's why he never made for the town. . . . Oh! the Lord knows why—perhaps to wring his neck and finish the job." The inspector was prejudiced. "After him!" he roared, rounding on the constable with the cycle. "Spin round by the road—cut him off—you'll do it easily! It'll be up hill directly with him."

"So it will be with me," muttered the constable as he mounted.

"Wouldn't have anything more happen to old Georgy," said the inspector, cooling. "Ah, here's the doctor—just been to see him, I'll bet. How did you leave Mr. Tenbow, sir?" he asked of a coated gentleman who drove up from the opposite direction in a glossy dog-cart.

The doctor, a spruce, dark, shaven man, shook his head. "Comatose," he said professionally. "Another twelve hours will decide, I think." Then the inspector explained, indicating the flying Watley. "Cracked!" he said. "And if he gets there first and upsets them —"

"I'll go round back," resolved the doctor, wheeling his horse as the J.P. cantered up. Then the magistrate passed the doctor and followed the cyclist; and the inspector in the butcher's cart, with more carts for company, clattered after the magistrate; and many afoot went skurrying across the path in the wake of Watley; and Watley never made such running.

His life work had been leg work. He carried age but no weight. He had got his cracked, unwieldy boots off him, and his bare feet flashed amazingly as he showed his back over the moist path. He met only a stray astonished pedestrian or two, and he heeded nothing behind him. He knew the country—no fox better—and he knew where to look. The path cut the fields diagonally, and the road—of which this path cut off a great loop or inside angle—swooped and converged on his left. Through the trees he began to have glimpses of it; soon he saw where it turned off toward him on the hill far leftward, and, with four stiles behind him, he panted up the slope himself. This one field and the path gave on that road again, and along that road.

Watley gained the swell, and beheld the converging highway plainly: a white band between its low dark hedges, narrowing away to the turn, half a mile distant. This side thence sundry carts moved thither, their drivers like craning dolls against the skyline; nearer, one horseman rose and fell; nearer still a single black figure humped on nothing sped smoothly. It was the policeman cyclist.

A furlong from Watley's left the road dipped to a bunch of trees, then climbed anew. Down the dip spun the cyclist, breakneck. A moment Watley lost him in the hollow, the next he saw him ascending—road and path ran to the point of a triangle at the last stile. Watley measured his own track to that

stile, and Watley slackened and looked round to the fields on his right, pressing his hands to his breast. Then Watley saw the cyclist had stopped—had dismounted, concerned suddenly with his machine—and Watley ran on again. The policeman tumbled his mount aside in a vicious sort of way and ran too.

Across the road, and nearly opposite the stile, was a gate—the entrance to Saffron Hill Farm. Watley on the path and the policeman on the road were each about the same distance from it, and Watley ran heavily. A bare field behind him cries rose shrilly. The policeman toiled up from the hollow, and in the hollow the horseman shouted. Away along the road the driven horses broke to a thundering gallop. Some of the drivers yelled. The horseman came up the hill full tilt. He vented a ringing Tally-ho! A shrill, prolonged chorus of Tally-ho's echoed behind Watley, and Watley fell over the last stile in a heap.

The field had a good view. Watley was up directly with the policeman ten yards off, and Watley dived across the road to the gate opposite. It stood open, and a meadow down was the solitary farmhouse. Watley banged the gate to in the face of his pursuer, and then over the grass it was greyhound after hare with Watley and the policeman. Seen foreshortened from the road there looked but a hand's breadth between them.

The magistrate on his bay mare, the doctor in his dog-cart, the policeman in the butcher's cart, sundry vehicles, and panting runners clustered at the entrance gate and stood gazing. A hundred yards across the meadow a woman in a white apron stood in the open door of the farmhouse—as if she knew. Above the hum at the gate the inspector roared to her to shut the door.

But the door remained wide. When the woman vanished from it Watley vanished through it; then it was

promptly closed with the policeman outside, and the slam of it echoed. Then the bully inspector was a little snappy with the crowd, and then he and the doctor and the magistrate went down to the farmhouse together.

IV.

Watley, when he had fastened the front door, sank on the stairs-step two yards from it, and sat clutching at his breast with his shackled hands, working for his breath, his mouth wide and cavernous, and drops of sweat like glistening beads on the old parchment of his face. Three or four women clustered in the hall gazing at him, and outside you could almost hear the excluded policeman catching his wind.

"Much—o—bliged!" gasped Watley to the dame in the white apron, and Watley tried to smile reassuringly. "I—I—trust I haven't alarmed you."

Watley, shaking all over, got up and inclined his head. He had lost his cap, and his scanty, grizzled hair stuck in moist, matted tufts; his seedy coat gaped in places newly; and here and there fresh blood streaked and splotted the clay-brown of his bare feet. "We'll keep him outside a bit longer," he panted, nodding to the bolted door, "till I see Mr. Tenbow."

"You can't," said the women smiling. The man looked so droll—bowing and quivering and smirking behind his manacles; a racked, hunted, half-clad stalk of a man—indomitably polite, grotesquely thin—a shaking, smiling reed in handcuffs. "You can't; Mr. Tenbow's very ill."

"I must," breathed Watley in a cracked whisper—he had very little breath left. "I *must*," he repeated, working his joined hands up and down from the elbows—he was wiping his feet on the doormat—"very important—really. I've come all this way on purpose." The women smiled again, but

Watley jumped, for the policeman outside began to knock. Suddenly one of the women gave a *Hush!* lifting her finger. Then she raised both her hands. From beyond the open stair-head a sort of hoarse grunting semblance of human speech made itself heard through the knocking. "He's come to!" said the woman, clapping her palms lightly. "It was that bang of the door."

"Excuse me," said Watley feverishly. He had one foot on the stairs and his eye over his shoulder. "My business is private," he added as he mounted.

Watley opened the bedroom door softly. Mr. Tenbow's face showed mottled—dull purple and cold gray—against the white pillow; one bush of an eyebrow protruded from under the bandage which bound his head, and his granite-gray beard thrust itself out over the bedclothes. His eyes were open, and he got out, "Watley?" in a rumbling whisper of astonishment. Watley, huddled in the doorway deprecatingly, with two of the women at his shoulder, gabbled in gasped, breathy snatches of speech, making pitiful attempts to hide his wrists under his coat.

"Beg pardon for leaving you last night, sir—very sorry—they locked me up for it, Mr. Tenbow—tried me—never forgive myself—*Me*, Mr. Tenbow (Watley displayed his handcuffs)—wouldn't have left you so—it's *killing*, Mr. Tenbow (Watley's clasped hands went up and down jerkily)—for the world if I'd only been myself—they're here after me—*Police*, Mr. Tenbow! and you're the only man, if you'll excuse—"

Watley broke off, looked round swiftly, gasped hard and hoarse, and came stealing to the far side of the bed and very close to its occupant as the pursuing constable entered the room.

"Eh?" wheezed Mr. Tenbow, as the policeman half-recolled apologetically,

"who sent for you?" The man stammered something about "Duty," and Mr. Tenbow turned his head this and that way, looking with puckered forehead from Watley's handcuffs to the policeman's buttons. Finally, he faced the officer with brows down thunderously, and, "Who the devil sent for *you*?" came with something of the old chest roar. The man stood uncertain, and Mr. Tenbow, scorning the woman's soothing, tried to raise himself, his jaws working and his breath wheezing and whistling in what seemed to be strong words stillborn. As more visitors entered he fell back and lay panting, waving the officer hence with small bloodshot eyes set, and one big bloodless hand and wrist going insistently in the air. "That—man—gone—out—o' the house?" he asked when he could speak. (The constable had been signed away by the newcomers.) "Ah, you there, inspector; you, too, sir!"—to the magistrate. "Come in, come in. Don't *you* excite *yourself*, doctor, *I'm* all right—I remembered the minute I saw Watley—I knew all about it. Send the women away and prop me up." And he insisted on more packing behind his shoulders and his coat round him—and drink. The coat was a black one, and against the collar of it his face looked toned more evenly.

"Law, medicine, and women," he got out in something between a gasp and a chuckle, "are one too many all at once. What's the time; and what on earth have you all been doing with Watley here? Off with his bracelets," he commanded, squaring himself in his pillows, and setting the inspector with the fixed gaze of some stricken old mastiff. "Do you hear?" he ground out, "off with these—He's my friend, and in my house."

"Humor him, for Heaven's sake!" whispered the doctor.

"That's better, Watley; hey?" said the old man presently. "Wrists ache,

old boy? Arms a bit stiff, hey? Swing 'em round, man, only don't hit my head—that's cracked already. What did you take the hump for last night? You deserve to be shot for deserting in face o' the enemy. Ha! ha! you smelt powder, Watley, and it turned your stomach; you funky—you chicken heart!"

"Very upset, sir," pleaded Watley, shuffling.

"And so they've collared *you* for it, Watley. Ha! ha! *rich*, I call it! No, you never was a rogue—only a fool, and a bigger fool than ever last night. We should have routed the blackguards, Watley—knocked 'em down—tied 'em up—taken 'em to the lockup—had our names in the papers—you and me. We could have shown these policemen how to *do* things, hey?"

"How was it, sir?"

"One of 'em went for the pony's head and the other one tackled me," said Mr. Tenbow. "You hadn't been gone five minutes, and while I was settling my man the other villain left the pony and came behind me—devilish hard! Did they skin me?"

"Everything was all right," said the doctor quickly; "wasn't it, inspector? Don't you worry, Mr. Tenbow."

"Ha! ha! doctor, you don't blind me. Well, serve me right for not being told—hey, Watley? Why, what's the matter with you—had plenty to eat and drink?"

"Doing very nicely, thank you, sir?" quavered Watley, rubbing his released hands and smiling waterily. "Only if you *could* spare me an old pair of boots, sir?"

"Boots? did you wear 'em out running away last night? Ha! ha! Boots! you shall have a new rig out all through—anything in the house. You're not snivelling over a pair of boots, Watley?"

"Yesterday," stammered Watley, brushing his cheek jerkily, as though

flies worried him, "and now to see you like this!"

"You've been listening to the croakers, Watley. Do they say I sha'n't get by it this time? Don't let 'em stuff you, Watley; I shall—do you hear me? I shall, I say!"

"Of course you will, sir," stammered Watley. Watley somehow couldn't get his words through his throat. "Of course—you—will."

"What the devil are you snivelling for, then—you know me? Do they whisper round the corner about the funeral, and did we ought to send for the clergyman? Women, Watley, women. Dying deposition?—and how will the old fellow cut up, hey? I'll see 'em all d—d first!" The old man's voice weakened, and he put his hand to the bandage. "Makes me sweat!" he breathed.

"It was on the—on the—head, sir."

"It was on the *whisky*, Watley; ha, ha!" Mr. Tenbow gave a choking

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chuckle, then his eyes closed and he seemed to fall together limply. When they had laid him lower gently—and he was very still—Watley wrung his hands. "There! he's off again!" he groaned.

"Well, you're cleared, my man," said the magistrate, rubbing his boot with his whip. "There's really no case against you after this. We must find those other villains, inspector."

Watley seemed deaf. He stood looking at the unconscious figure on the bed. Then he turned to the doctor.

"He *will*!" he asked in an eager whisper.

But the doctor squeezed his lips, knit his brow, shook his head. "It's his age," he said, after a pause and gravely.

"He will so long as he says he will," said Watley, suddenly and with heart.

And Watley was right. But then Watley had not been far wrong all through.

W. H. Rainsford.

THE DESTRUCTION OF THE RUSSIAN ARMADA: FROM THE POINT OF VIEW OF THE SHIPBUILDER.

There can be no doubt that our admirals and ship designers see, as clearly as any one, the lessons of the recent fight, and do not need any critical help. But their judgment is liable to be biased, and biased pardonably in favor of very large ships. The sailor wants to see his country's flag on the most powerful ships afloat and, in particular, he wants the ships which may come under his own command to be the pride of the seas. The naval architect, whom he consults, agrees with this, and may desire that the ships he builds should be larger, faster and more powerful than any ships in foreign navies. The "patriotic" Englishman says: "And why not? England

is rich, and she can beggar her neighbors in this contest of money expenditure. Moreover, this is a matter of life and death with her. What does it matter if a single ship should cost two millions instead of a million and a quarter? The difference is nothing in comparison with the interests at stake!" But is there not another side to this question?

In connection with the Chicago Exhibition in 1893 there was an Engineering Congress, and I had the honor to contribute a paper, which was read in August 1893. I chose as a subject, "The Best Ship of War."

In it I said the questions still remaining unsettled were formidable.

The first which I raised was this: Are there any considerations demanding limitation in the size of the best ship-of-war? This question, I said, is answered unhesitatingly by the English naval officer. He is confident that no such limitation is demanded, since, without question, the largest ship is—other things being equal—the most formidable. The engineer has not so ready an answer. He admits the supremacy *per se* of the large ship; but he insists on looking beyond the issue of a single combat between the larger ship and an inferior foe. He demands that there shall be consideration of the adaptation of the national means to the national ends. He would be ill-pleased with a war which should cover with glory one or two large ships and their crews and result in disastrous losses in other waters for want of ships and men.

If he found his ships exposed to destruction, whatever their size, by a comparatively inexpensive force, he would demand that there should be some better proportion in the relative risk of material loss in the attack and defence. If there were weapons which were very destructive of life when directed against the crews of large ships—the crews of such ships having no immunity at all proportionate to the size of the ship—he would object to large crews. If his success in his naval operations on the whole depended very much on the superior quality of his officers, he would decline to crowd them in subordinate positions in large ships. He would prefer to distribute them so long as the distribution did not so weaken the ships as to deprive them of fair chances of individual success. If in the ordinary risks of maritime service large ships did not possess immunity at all proportionate to their

size, the engineer would consider that as an argument against large ships. And if ships-of-war were peculiarly liable to take the ground, from the nature of their service in unfamiliar waters, he would remember that the larger ship had practically no advantage over the smaller and would be less likely to be floated successfully after grounding. The soft flexible steel bottom—but little stronger in the larger than in the smaller ships—has many advantages, but resistance to local pressure is not among them.

I said further that I thought it also reasonable to say that, excepting a few large and powerful ships, designed not for line of battle but as station ships or naval centres at outlying places of importance, no ship can be regarded as the best ship-of-war which, being liable to be lost by touching a rock in smooth water, by the attack of a torpedo-boat, by the blow of a ram, or by an internal explosion, may thereby cause the loss of a crew exceeding (say) 400 men.

Can any one read the story of the great sea fight in the Sea of Japan and contend that Russia would not have gained had her principal battleships, with the same aggregate *personnel*, been equally fast, as well gunned, and manned with crews of 350 to 400 instead of 700 or 800? Or can any one suppose that if the Japanese national policy had excluded the smaller ships from her navy in order to increase her large battleships in number or in power, that she could, with the same *personnel* at her disposal, have won such a victory?

Japan's successes in this fight, as in former operations, have turned largely upon the use of very fast vessels discharging the torpedo.¹ During the winter campaign, ice, it is said, set the

¹ See the following extract from the "Times": Manila, June 8.—"Further details of the great naval battle are supplied by the statements

of the Russians now interned here. From these it appears that the Japanese completely surprised Rozhdestvensky's ships. The latter

torpedoes fast in the tubes, and otherwise impaired their efficiency. Perhaps some discredit to torpedoes came from this cause, and very rightly, but is it not certain that in the hands of gallant seamen this weapon challenges the field with the huge battleship, and does so without the fearful risk of disasters which have overwhelmed the Russian fleet? I would also point out that the great height of our modern battleships, like the great height of the Spanish ships at Trafalgar, evidently favors the gun-fire of the enemy.

One would like to speculate as to the fate of our own magnificent Channel Fleet had it, for example, been called on to make that voyage from Saigon to Vladivostock hampered by ships which it had to convoy, faced by the Japanese gunners, and subject to their torpedo attacks. The Russian Navy was certainly a practically untrained navy. Nature's limitations and the closing of the Dardanelles gave her no chance to train officers and men. Yet the operation they were called on to perform with large battleships would have severely tried any fleet.

It may be said of the lessons I have read in this great fight, that everybody as a rule sees in a naval battle just what he expected to see, and what he looks for, and so strangely enough, as I think, one of your contemporaries says, "The moral to be drawn from the battle is that it is necessary to have

were steaming peacefully along, no Japanese being in sight. The Russian ships were not even cleared for action, nor were the gun crews at their posts. Two lines of torpedo-boats suddenly appeared and encircled the Russian ships, one division proceeding in a westerly and the other in an easterly direction.

The Russian cruisers and battleships prepared to repel the attack, the cruisers manning their port batteries and the battleships their starboard batteries, but no attempt was made to prepare the batteries on the other side of the ships. When the two encircling lines met to the southward of the Russians they turned and advanced at full speed be-

big ships possessing great stability." It goes on to say, quite truly, "that the crews must undergo a long course of gunnery practice in all weathers, and that marksmen are as valuable as a good admiral." One would think that more might be expected from marksmen of relatively high training, if they were distributed among many independent commands and gun positions than were they confined to a few "big ships." For the ships will vary in number in inverse proportion to the increase in the concentration of men in them. The highly trained *personnel* of a navy is much more nearly a fixed quantity than the number of available fighting ships.

And the question should always be how best you can avail yourself of your trained manhood; not how large can the ships be which you can dock and afford to build. Had Admiral Togo been defeated the big battleship advocates, here and in the United States, would have told us that they had pointed to the singular weakness of the Japanese fleet in armored battleships, for more of which, they were assured, the admiral must be longing; and that even this handful had been reduced by the loss of one of the largest a year ago, with which he had hitherto been credited. These would have been held to be the causes of his defeat. With "big ships possessing great stability"² Russia outnumbered

tween the Russian lines, one division going between the cruisers and the line of hospital ships and transports, and another division passing between the transports and battleships on the other side. Utterly unprepared for an attack of this character, hardly a single battleship or cruiser escaped serious damage. Not a shot was fired to stop the Japanese torpedo-boats during their final dash. Meanwhile, Admiral Togo's battleships and cruisers encircled the Russian squadron and his big guns completed its destruction.

² I see that the capsize of the Russian ships is attributed to their small stability, that is to defective designing. I have given reasons in my recent book, "Naval Develop-

Japan, and yet Japan won largely from successful overwhelming gunfire, by the aid of ships which, like our discarded protected cruisers, would have been held by our sailors as too small to be efficient to-day in gunnery in a general action at sea.

It is significant also to note that the eager Japanese sailors sought to ram the Russian ships with their destroyers—one at least is said to have nearly doubled itself up in the gallant but vain attempt—while in England, as we are informed, the ram is to be definitely given up as a weapon in naval war. Ships will in future, we are told, always fight at long range and rams will be valueless. This decision will perhaps be reconsidered in view of all the circumstances of the great fight in the Sea of Japan.

Rapidly as the developments of scientific inquiry and mechanical skill change the aspects of all the great problems of modern life, there is yet enough appearance of permanence in the circumstances of naval warfare to justify the conception of an ideal for the navy of this Empire. There is one factor of immense significance in forming such a conception. That is the relation of our navy to that of the United States of America. Will America be reunited with us as, you have recently reminded us, Mr. Carnegie hopes she may be; we retaining our ancient and loved monarchy, and with the High Parliament of the "British-American Union" sitting in Washington administering the affairs of an Ocean Commonwealth? Or shall we have to fight her over trade questions arising across her own northern border, or in the vast undeveloped territories lying between the Atlantic and Pacific

ment," for anticipating this capsizing in armored ships, wounded under water, however satisfactory their general stability conditions may have been:

³ One condition, now easy of fulfilment, must be that the machinery is covered by a

Oceans, and stretching from the Gulf of Mexico to Cape Horn?

This, it seems to me, is, as Mr. Carnegie puts it, the true problem of Empire and not questions about customs duties. To attempt to place them in the front of matters affecting our closer relations with the United States is to risk the loss of the greater for the sake of the less.

If there were such a real union as this between Great Britain and the United States the ideal navy would be an affair of maritime police with fixed central stations (Pacific, Atlantic, and English Channel) and efficient sea patrols. I wish I could hope that the lives of Mr. Carnegie and our rulers might be spared until they have brought this about.

The ideal I had in my mind is a far lower one, and applicable to existing national divisions. It is formed of very simple conceptions, and they are conceptions arising out of the proper functions of different classes of ships. To begin very low down there are the submarine vessels useful for preventing the close blockade of harbors and ports, and for nothing else; then there are the mining and torpedo flotillas of ever-increasing importance. Next should follow harbor and coast defence ships if their functions had not been completely covered by the preceding, so that they are not needed. Ocean patrol and preservation of sea communications should be undertaken for the State by the very fast ships employed ordinarily by trading companies, subsidized for State service, and employing, as part of the crew, Naval Reserve men with frequent practice of gunnery on board.³ Finally come the battleships. What ought they to be?

splinter-proof under-water deck or is otherwise protected. The fate of the Ural, converted Kaiserin Maria Theresa, shows what may happen otherwise if by accident they come under heavy fire.

They would carry guns of the greatest possible range and power; and they must be fairly proof against the disastrous effect of gun-fire which we have seen in some of the Russian ships where gun positions and belt were supposed to be protected by impenetrable armor plates.*

They need not be of such high speed as the patrols and destroyers; but a speed should be laid down for them so that it may be as fairly uniform as it was in the days of sailing line of battleships. It should be governed by this consideration that the crew, all told, should not much exceed 400 men—this limitation in men to be justified by adherence to the practice of leaving the under-water ship unprotected by armor, and by the desire to have numerous independent commands.

I think the Admiralty constructors and sailors would say that if the secondary armament, which is necessarily much exposed, were suppressed, leaving only the heavy guns and the boat repellers, and if the engines were of the turbine type they could give all these qualities with a crew not exceeding half that of some of our recent ships, which have a complement of 900 men. I seem to have been drawn into much more consideration of the technics of shipbuilding than I intended on starting. I must apologize for this to the readers of *The Westminster Review*, so famous for its services in other fields, and usually so free from scientific controversies.

My endeavor has been to show that there are considerations lying behind those which occupy the Admiralty in preparing their programme of ship-

The Westminster Review.

building. With the sailor the question is: How can I put still more power into my ship? With the British people the question should be: How can we best use our highly trained *personnel*, remembering the wide range of our naval field, and the strictly limited number of our "officers and men"?

To emphasize this I have sought to use such incidents of the recent operations in the Sea of Japan as seemed to me to demand our serious consideration. I fully admit that there are arguments, valid enough in other navies, in favor of ships with large crews; but, as I believe, these arguments cannot justify crews of 900 officers and men in the battleships for this country.

If I had ever entertained a doubt whether one ship, say like the *Orel* with 740 men, would be inferior to two ships equally well commanded and manned, equally fast in any weather, with the main armament the same, with equally efficient defence of the vital parts, but with the secondary armament (6-in. guns) suppressed, and with half the complement of men, this fight would have removed my doubt.

The chances of survival for both the smaller ships would not equal those of the single larger ship, and for this reason every naval officer would like to command the big ship, but the chances of victory for the flag must be with the two ships. There is no economy here in the production and upkeep of the ships, for the cost of each of the smaller ships would be much more than half that of the larger ship. The economy lies wholly in the proper distribution of our men.

N. Barnaby.

* Admiral Nebogatoff is reported to have told Admiral Togo that even the thick plates in the Nicholas I. were penetrated by 12-inch shells; she had 14-inch belt and 10-inch gun

armor. It may be hoped that our much thinner armor is of better quality. See discussion on Armor and Guns in "Naval Development."

THE SIGN OF THE SPIDER.

CHAPTER IV.

For so inexperienced a dissembler, Scavo played his part with Ogilvie and Philip very well, right from the moment of their release until he had despatched them towards the light in the valley, which was to guide them to the railway station and the security of Italy's capital.

He clasped their hands successively, and told a plausible tale.

"Ah, signori, how I rejoice that I come in time!" he cried, still holding Philip's hand. "There is a plot of the devil against you, my friends, and I am the fortunate one appointed by Providence to save your precious lives. You are still strong? You breathe and are well?"

"Yes, we breathe," said Ogilvie. "But there will be a reckoning to pay for this."

"Surely, signori; and yet——"

He raised the lantern, and viewed the stern and angry face of Ogilvie with concern. Philip was much the more exhausted by the day's imprisonment without food. He looked as if all interest in Etruscan antiquities had faded from him.

"Where is that scoundrel?" asked Ogilvie.

Then Scavo set the lantern on the mortuary ledge to the right, and sat down by it.

"Excuse, signori, if I rest while I speak. I have greatly incommoded myself speeding, without rest, to the relief of your excellencies. I am not young, you understand. Ah, what a mistake, that of yesterday! You who know Italy so well, signore, and talk like a fellow-countryman, will believe me when I tell you that there were reasons which made this monster Montarabo an enemy to many. Yes,

and he is in league with villains like himself; not only against such innocent and illustrious strangers as yourselves, but against his own country, signori. I——"

Philip interrupted.

"Can't we clear out and get something to eat?" he asked plaintively. "If once he begins to talk, there'll be no end to it."

"Wait a bit," said Ogilvie.—"We are grateful to you, signore, at all events. How did you know we were here?"

"I shall tell you, signore," said Scavo. "Yes, and I will be quick, because there are others and they may come, and they will not perhaps have your excellencies' interests at heart like your friend and servant, Maria Farnese Scavo. I myself, signori, not an hour ago, with my hand at the throat of that assassin Montarabo, forced the confession from him. You were here to *starve*, signori—starve, with nothing to eat, and no light, and among such loathsome vermin as breed in the grave! Signori, I shake with sympathetic horror. But I will be brief. There is no time to lose. It is your excellencies' valuable lives that I think of. I fear those others. Even now Montarabo may be telling them that which under constraint he told me, and they may be approaching. Signori, I do not compel, but I ask you, for your freedom's sake and the safety of your possessions, to go from here at once."

"My good man, of course we will do that," said Ogilvie. "We have had more than enough of this diabolical place. Are they all bandits in Mulci, then?"

"There are many, signore," said Scavo, with fine impressiveness, "and it would be dangerous for you to re-

turn to the town. I, myself, will guide you to a road whence it is only three kilometres to the railway station; and there you shall find your luggage still waiting for you, and a train in less than two hours."

"Come, Philip," said Ogilvie. "We may sleep in Rome to-night if we are brisk."

"That's a mercy to be thankful for," said Philip.

"The station, signore, if you will be so good as to direct us, and very many thanks," said Ogilvie to Scavo.

"Yes," said Scavo; "your excellencies are very wise in the matter. But stay—"

Another idea, on the heels of the many of this surprising day, had come to him. It was vague, but the more stirring for its mere glimpses of beguiling attractiveness. Were the Englishmen to take away with them a portion (however small) of the deceased Cavaliere's valuables, well, circumstances might contrive somehow to associate *them*, and not him, with the ravishment of the tomb. True, Anna was in the way; but Anna must be talked to. There was, indeed, no time to test the reasonableness of the idea throughout, were even his surging brain capable just then of a reasonable judgment.

"Your excellencies," he proceeded, "may, on my invitation, carry with you sundry of these little ancient things."

He raised the lantern towards the treasures of the tomb.

"Choose for yourselves, and welcome, signori," he said. "Only be quick. A little something that shall not incommode the pocket, and be for remembrance in the future."

Ogilvie translated for Philip.

"It's all very odd and detestable," he said; "but what do you think?"

Hungry and weak though he was, Philip could not resent such civility.

"Why, to be sure. It's no more than we deserve," he said. "What is there detestable about it?"

He guided Scavo's shaking hand and the lantern towards the one cupboard of the series which was still open as the Cavaliere had left it.

"There is but little time for your train, illustrious signori," murmured Scavo, almost with a whine; "but a very little time."

"Hurry up, Philip," said Ogilvie, who was himself satisfied to annex a small but grim silver effigy of the Etruscan Pluto, with red jewelled eyes and a golden-hooked proboscis.

"My dear fellow," sighed Philip, "it's frightfully embarrassing. Oh, well, these'll do."

A beautifully chased bronze mirror, bright as if the Cavaliere had polished it only that morning; a *tazza* of the best period of Greco-Etruscan art; a lady's silver toilet-box on four elegant legs, the box graven with Trojan heroes; and three or four fibulæ taken at random—such was Philip's portion; nor did it seem to him too much.

"Come along," he said. "If they were good to eat I believe I'd eat them, pretty as they are. Anyway, it's something."

Again Scavo took up his parable.

"There is more to tell, signori, while we walk; and we must not make much noise, for fear of those others. I shall close the doors of this miserable home of the once-dead in which your excellencies have so unworthily spent so many hours, and we will go."

Ogilvie and Philip climbed the steps into the perfumed scrub, and breathed freely again; and, having locked the inner gate only and drawn the outer door close, Scavo joined them. Excitement was boiling in the landlord of the Albergo Nazionale. It was wonderful to him that he could thus live two lives so convincingly at the same time; but the more he advanced in his

duplicities the smoother seemed the way for further progress.

He was not at all familiar with these wild paths amid the sepulchres; but with the help of the lantern and that useful light in the farm below, it was easy to follow the proper direction with due heed for the pitfalls of holes and tomb-openings. He led the way at a shuffling trot.

"I don't quite understand what it all means, even yet," Ogilvie began, early in their walk. "This Montarabo wished to starve and rob us, it seems; but why should he tell any one else about it?"

"Why, signore?" said Scavo, with a laugh. "Why, because I take him by the throat and force him. Do you not see, signori? You do not return to the hotel, and you do not go away with your luggage. Yes, I rejoice that I have my brains. And it is because I think of your safety, signori, on all sides, that I ask you not to speak to others in the neighborhood of the infamy you have suffered. The League has many members, and you may make a mistake. But when you are in Rome, if you wish, you may do what pleases you; though even there, perhaps, if you would forgive the outrage and say nothing, it might be better. This you shall be sure of, moreover, that the Cavaliere Montarabo is to pay for his sin. In Italy, signori, it is not always the law of the courts which punishes crime as it deserves."

"What in the world," exclaimed Philip, "is he saying now? I wish to heaven we were eating macaroni in Rome!"

"Patience, my boy! I want to fathom these turbid waters a little before we are out of them."

But that satisfaction was denied him. Scavo had become suddenly suspicious and something else. He did not like Philip's querulous tone, and he felt no great confidence in the amiability of

Ogilvie, whose face had not exactly won his esteem in those first moments of their acquaintanceship, when he had so miserably assumed him to be an emissary of the League of the Spider. A few more questions and the weakness of the disconnected tale he was making up as best he could might be apparent. Also, like the Cavaliere Montarabo the previous day, he believed the gentlemen might be armed; and the purer air of the hills, in freshening their intelligence and making their blood flow vigorously again in their veins, might at any moment rekindle their wrath and urge them to turn even upon him, their benefactor.

This was one reason which decided the landlord of the Albergo Nazionale to quit the Englishmen without further delay.

The other was even more imperative. Supposing Anna should meet any Mulci person before again reaching Casa Montarabo, how should she be expected to hold her tongue as he had bidden her? She was but a woman, and a distracted one. Apart from that, he could not trust her courage to await him alone in the blood-stained house for more than a little time. She was an hysterical creature. Why, that very hour she might be raving up the Via Vittorio Emanuele proclaiming the Cavaliere's death to every open door in the place!

"Signori," he said, stopping short, "you are now safe. With permission, I will return. It is not a smooth path; but Romana's light is nearer. Continue and you shall come to the road."

"Oh!" said Ogilvie. "He wants to leave us, Philip. Says it's plain sailing."

"Good business, then; that's what I say. It's not what I should call a first class road; but who is to know if he's any better than the other brutes?"

"My own opinion too," said Ogilvie.—

"Well, *signore*, we owe you very much, if not our lives. What can we do to show our gratitude?"

"Gratitude, *caro signore!*" exclaimed Scavo, delightedly. "Do not speak the word, I beg. It has been my privilege, under God, to be of service to you, and I am content, *caro signore.*"

He offered Ogilvie his hand and smiled anxiously. The lantern did not betray the agitation of his smile.

"You would rather we said nothing of our adventure for the present?" asked Ogilvie.

"Yes, it were best, for your excellencies' own sake. Wait a day or two. *Addio* and good-night, *caro signore.*"

He again pressed their hands with spasmodic fervor.

"Another time, *signori*," he said, "when you return to Mulci, you will not forget Scavo and the Albergo Nazionale?"

"Never in this world," said Ogilvie.

"That is well, *signori*. *Addio! addio!*"

But, having bowed in the darkness and left them, Scavo smiled as he realized that nothing but the most melancholy bad luck in the world could keep him in Mulci even for a single night longer. *Dio santo!* what years he had lived since the sun had set! It seemed to him that he had outgrown even his wife and children. At least, he could not just yet afford to think of them as belonging to himself. Perhaps, if fortune favored him and he got safely to the frontier, either of Switzerland or France, and contrived also to cross the frontier without the attentions of impertinent officials—perhaps then he would communicate with his Teresa, and—who knows?—his reunited family and himself might thereafter live days and years of peace and plenty in the very country of these English imbeciles; for the fame of England as an asylum for evil-doers had reached even to Mulci in the Apennines.

These were the visions which cheered

him as he sped back to the Tomb of the Golden Bler with his lantern.

Once again in the tomb, he wasted no moments. His eyes shone with avaricious delight as he pawed the remaining treasures in the cabinets. To Ogilvie and Phillip in their hours of despairing anxiety these had all been less than nothing. They would have bartered the whole of them for a long brown loaf and a quart of wine, and Phillip's signed draft on the Roman bankers for six thousand pounds might have been thrown into the bargain. But to Scavo they meant everything in the world now.

He stripped off his coat and waistcoat and then his shirt. He used his shirt as a wrapper for the gems, gem-studded vases, breast-covers and chaplets of gold, the gold and ivory spoons, brooches, pins, and all else of plain value which he could cram into the rough sack, made by tying the arms and neck-opening of the shirt. Only when he could persuade the shirt to close with seemly ease on nothing more did he desist from spoiling the late Cavaliere's grim treasure-chamber.

Sweating from head to foot, Scavo now prepared for his flight.

He was satisfied to turn but a single one or two of the keys in the outer door of the tomb. Ascending with the lantern, he threw all the keys far down into the brushwood, and then proceeded a little way along the track towards Mulci.

Only a little way, however. He could not confront the already ripened risks in that direction. By descending into the ravine and continuing down it where it debouched upon the coast, he hoped at dawn or thereabouts to reach the village of Marossa and the railway. There was an acquaintance in Marossa from whom a respectable travelling-bag might be borrowed. A plausible tale would be easily put together, and in the meantime his exquisite shirtful

of plunder might be left in an outlying vineyard. So to the train, and the first great step towards a life of idle opulence would be accomplished.

But Nemesis was already at the rascal's shoulder, toying with him ere breaking him.

For several minutes Scavo toiled with increasing effort among the rocks and thorns of the breakneck descent. He ought to have known better than attempt such a route, honeycombed as it was with open and half-concealed perils. He had a foretaste of what was to come when he slipped on the edge of an excavation and the lantern dropped from his encumbered hands and smashed in the bottom of the hole. But he was blind to the warning, thanked his stars that his weighted shirt had not followed the lantern, and stumbled on.

He was scarcely a hundred yards farther on his way, however, when the end came. His feet went through a beguiling carpet of brambles and ivy, and he pitched sideways into space down a precipice of tufa, with the Cavaliere's Etruscan treasures loose about his ears. The fall was only some eighteen or twenty feet, but it was enough. Signore Scavo of the Albergo Nazionale did not move a limb after the fall. He breathed heavily for a little while, and then died. His neck was broken.

Ogilvie and Phillip in the meantime had a rough journey down to the hollow. They reached the slip of white road, thankful that *their* necks were whole. The temptation to call at Romana's farm, a little to the south of the road, was not overmastering. Though hungry, they were not in extremities, and the events of the past two days had filled them with distrust of these Apennine Italians. The road at least they could trust, once they were sure of the direction in which it trended.

Nor had they any temptation to des-

cant about their hardships at the little railway station. Time had slipped along fast, and all their energies were devoted to persuading the somewhat obstinate officials to undertake the registration of their luggage for a train which was due in the course of about six minutes. It was explained that they ought to have presented themselves and their request some four minutes sooner. But a bribe settled the official scruples, and when the train came up all was ready for them. They took their seats in a first-class carriage, leaned back, and in the momentary complete revulsion of their feelings—the painful brew of four-and-twenty unforgettable hours—were ready almost to forgive even Mulci the pain it had caused them.

Then Phillip gave way to weariness, and slept until they were at Rome. Even their treasure from the tomb could not keep him awake.

At supper that night—a supper to be enshrined in memory—they discussed their adventure with very natural ardor. Ogilvie yearned to visit the authorities before retiring to bed. Phillip felt less revengeful. He was already half inclined to crow about the adventure through which they had come without injury either material or personal. But Ogilvie, over his cigar, longed, he said, to hit out at that hateful little black-shadowed town on the hill-top and its mysterious inhabitants.

"Put it off until to-morrow, old chap," urged Phillip. "It's an experience, anyway. It hasn't hurt me in the least, and it'll be something to talk about in the old country. Once you start telling them about it *here*, you'll never get to bed. It'll be question after question, and the odds are then they'll just twist their moustaches and ask you if you're sure you're not drunk. And you know we have had about a bottle apiece!"

Phillip's cautious instincts prevailed.

The next day also they did nothing active in the matter. Phillip was un-

well. The reaction was telling upon him, and his imprudent supper also. Ogilvie decided to make a written report of the outrage for the British Ambassador. That would be easier and much more dignified than confusing himself with the Italian authorities. He began his narrative, and off and on continued it until the evening. He grew interested in his descriptive powers, and when they sat down to dinner his report was incomplete.

Nor did he finish it at all, in fact.

They were eating a ragout of chicken when one of Rome's newspaper-boys scurried into the restaurant with the *Gazetta della Sera*. Ogilvie bought a copy. He opened it when they had done with the ragout, and, after a glance or two, exclaimed, "Hallo! What's this?"

And this was the translation he gave to Phillip of the paragraph of provincial news which had arrested his attention:—

"Tragedy at Mulci.—A crime of extraordinary interest is greatly disquieting this small town, of which the victim is the well-known Etruscan connoisseur, the Cavaliere Enzo Montarabo. The Cavaliere was found dead in his house on Tuesday evening. At first it was supposed to be an instance of suicide. Interrogation of his housekeeper, Anna Morella, however, produced a remarkable story, which seemed to implicate a Mulci innkeeper named Scavo, especially as Scavo was missing from his house. Two Englishmen who were at Mulci on Monday and Tuesday were said to have been shut up in one of the Etruscan tombs leased for exploration purposes by the Cavaliere. The woman's story was not credited until this afternoon, when the body of Scavo was discovered within half a mile of the town, surrounded by

a litter of Etruscan valuables which he had stolen from the sepulchre known as that of the Golden Bier. The man had no wound on him, and an autopsy will be made. All the circumstances point to a crime of peculiar interest and barbarity, with which the two Englishmen already mentioned, and whom it is desirable to discover, may or may not have been associated."

Ogilvie and Phillip had little appetite for the rest of their dinner. They debated this news from Mulci with full appreciation of its ghastliness, as well as its concern with them.

"Do you know," said Ogilvie at length, "I don't at all feel like mixing up with the mess. I dare say it's our duty; but—one never knows what may happen with these people. And, you know, those things we've got; they might be dangerous."

"Let's get off home at once," said Phillip enthusiastically.

"Really? You won't mind?"

"My dear chap! Mind? After that night before last! But don't you think the police will nail us as witnesses, and so on?"

"Not if we're sharp. Shall we take the night-train north—now? That poor wretch Montarabo must have been out of his mind. It would almost be a kindness to his memory not to have our story dragged out of us against him. That innkeeper fellow's more of a mystery, and will be, I suppose, till doomsday. We have two hours, Phillip, to pack in and get clear off."

"We'll do it," said Phillip.

They did it, and felt pretty comfortable only when they had passed Ventimiglia the next day. Italy, which had entangled them in such a nasty little web of its own, might now be left to do its own unravelling.

C. Edwardes.

MY FIRST SUCCESS.

I am asked to give some account of my first success. I am almost tempted to say that it would be my first success if I were to come out of that enterprise with a whole skin, so complicated does it seem to me. The subject puts forth its antennæ in all directions. Which success is the first? Is there any success? Does it not always happen that when we have achieved any object which for the moment seemed to be important, we forthwith encounter the heavy, downcast look of disillusion which says to us: "It is nothing, nothing at all"? Our entry into the world is doubtless a success, but chiefly for that great artist whom we call Nature. Whether it is a success for ourselves may well be disputed. And the very notion of success, how different it is for different men! What another man would call a success cannot be such for me, and *vice versâ*. What does a success consist in, when there is one? this is the interesting point in the question. Is what any one of a chance crowd of people would call "making a hit," is that the special, the decisive mark of success for the artist himself? Or is it the satisfying particular persons whose judgment he values? Is it not rather that essential thing which takes place in the artist's workshop, when, like Ibsen's Bergmann, hammer in hand, he breaks his way to the very heart of the mystery? Is it not the striving spirit which digs and digs, going deeper and deeper to reach the very innermost secret which floats before his mind; is it not the seeking and ever seeking, in the hope of one day discovering some tiny spot of new land, which to the artist means the highest joy? Or is it childhood, the longings, dreams and hopes of early youth carrying with it the highest poetry, antici-

pating the noblest and most ideal pleasure of life, and so bringing the greatest success?

It is of little use, in answer to these questions, to select one's first and best concert, and recount so many rounds of applause. For me, all that does not touch the matter at all. I propose to proceed in quite another way; I shall relate some of my early experiences, their joys and sorrows. I leave the reader to find the kernel, lying within the husk of these experiences, which will signify to him, according to his own disposition, a success. When I rummage in my brain-chests for the memories of days long vanished, I find myself all at once in the days of my childhood, when life, with all its possibilities, lay before me, as a unique and great success. And it swarms, as in a veritable labyrinth, with young shoots which all press to the light. Half-forgotten memories of childhood stretch out their arms to me. Dreams of my youth which never came to pass, thoughts which I should have deemed extinct arraign me, like the "clues" in *Peer Gynt*. But I recollect also obscure presentiments of happiness which I dared not trust, but which came to fulfilment. Shapes, dreams and hopes press forward in a many-colored confusion and whisper, "Here am I—and I—and I." All insist on being present; all want to help to shape out my early successes. Not the noisy outward successes—and indeed there were not many of those; but the quiet, inward successes which wrought within me confidence in myself. And if I try to bring out one success at the expense of others, there come to me, like the distant sobbing of a child, the voices, "And wilt thou then disown me—and me—and me? Thou canst not find it in thy

heart." What am I to do? Draw a thick stroke through them all as not worth considering? No; I neither will nor can. For all these little recognitions and happy feelings have had their part in helping to develop my personality. They may not to-day pass muster as successes, but from the naïve point of view of those days they were events of the greatest importance. So I will set down at random whatever remains in my memory from those distant times. Others may, like myself, find in these recollections, if not successes, yet the materials of success.

I could go very far back, back to the earliest years of my childhood. For who could have so fine an ear for reminiscences as a child? The parsons, indeed, describe this delicacy of feeling as the "old Adam"; I would rather call it the intense longing for sunshine and gentleness in life, instead of gloom and severity. It is according as this impulse in the child is satisfied that his artistic nature is later shaped. I could recount many little triumphs of those years which had a distinct influence on my imagination. As, for instance, when as a little boy I got leave to attend a funeral or go to an auction in order, be it observed, that I might afterwards be able to recount my impressions. If I had been forbidden to obey these childish instincts, who knows that my imagination might not have been shut down, or driven in another direction remote from its true nature. What peace of mind it brings to trace those reminiscences back to their first gray dawn! Why should I not go right back? What should hinder me from recalling the wonderful mysterious satisfaction with which my arms stretched out to the piano to discover—not a melody: that was far off:—no; it must be a harmony. First a third, then a chord of three notes, then a full chord of four; ending at last, with both hands,—O Joy! a combination

of five, the chord of the ninth. When I found that out my happiness knew no bounds. That was indeed a success! No later success ever stirred me like that. I was about five years old. One year later my mother began to teach me the piano. Little did I suspect that there already disillusion awaited me. Only too soon did it become clear to me that I had to practise just what was unpleasant. And my mother was severe, inexorably severe. If her mother's heart surely rejoiced that I persevered and tried to find out everything, because that revealed a natural artist, at all events she betrayed no such satisfaction. On the contrary, there was no trifling with her if I spent the time in dreaming at the piano instead of busying myself with the lesson set. And if I went back to my finger exercises and scales and all the rest of the technical devil's work, which to my childish longings offered stones for bread, she still controlled me, even when she was not in the room. One day there came a threatening cry from the kitchen, where she was busy getting the dinner ready, "But fie, Edward: F sharp, F sharp, not F." I was quite overpowered by her masterfulness. If I had been more diligent and followed more willingly her strong lead I should in many points have been the better for it. But my unpardonable tendency to dreaming was already beginning to bring me the same difficulties which have accompanied me long enough throughout my life. Had I not inherited my mother's irrepressible energy as well as her musical capacity, I should never in any respect have succeeded in passing from dreams to deeds.

At the same time as my musical education began also my schooldays; and I may in like manner confess that at school I was just as idle as at the piano. The results of that period which I have to catalogue are not exactly

calculated to set me in a favorable light. But there they are, and they are characteristic. So out with them!

At first I went to a school for both boys and girls. How vividly I can recall an arithmetic lesson of that time. We all had to do the same multiplication sum, and whoever was first ready with it, and so proved the cleverest, received a mark. My ambition was greatly roused. Ah! I thought, now I must be smart. And there came to me a brilliant idea; in order to get finished as quickly as possible, I would leave out all the cyphers, for to my apprehension they were of no value. I notice that that was a success with a query to it, or, rather, it was a fiasco. But I learned wisdom by experience. Since then I have learned to reckon with the cyphers! And that, after all, was an inward success, so that I can go boldly on with the story of my fiascos.

From my tenth year on my parents lived at the fine estate of "Landas," a few kilometers from Bergen. Every morning I had to trudge to school with my elder brother through the celebrated Bergen rain-storms. And it seems to me that I turned these rains to account by a very clever trick. There was a rule at the school that a scholar who came late was not to come into class till the end of the first hour. So when on a wet morning I had not got my lessons ready I not only managed to be a little late, but stayed out in the street and got under a dripping roof till I was soaked through to the skin, and when at last I was let into class, such streams of water poured from my clothes on to the floor that the master, for my schoolfellows' sake as well as my own, could not take the responsibility of keeping me there, but promptly sent me home to change my clothes, which, it being a long way, was equivalent to giving me a dispensation from morning school. You may

guess that I played this prank pretty often; but when at last I carried it so far as to come one day wet through, though it hardly rained at all, they became suspicious and kept a look out. One fine day I was caught and I made an intimate acquaintance with the birch. Another fiasco! But it enriched my experience of life, and so, in other words, was again a success, though a success in crime. For what is that growing foolhardiness which in the end falls into the clutches of the law but the criminal nature in men? The only excuse I will make for myself is that school-life was in the last degree unsympathetic to me; its materialism, its coarseness, its coldness were so abhorrent to my nature that I thought of the most incredible ways of escaping from it, if only for a short time. And now I can see that it was not only the fault of the child, but quite as much the fault of the school. At that time I could see nothing in the school but a boundless calamity, and could not conceive what need there was for all these childish miseries. I have not the least doubt that that school developed in me nothing but what was evil, and left the good untouched.

But to return to my fiascos. I remember that in my history and geography I was not very exact about names, and when my teacher, a lively man, called me up, he would say, "Now you name-twister." I did not like that nickname at all. One day I had answered the questions even worse than usual, and got written on my report, "Ah, you poor Edward, you have got to struggle along to Landas in this wet weather first with your heavy rain-cloak, and then with a lot of books and then with a big 4 (a very bad mark) and climb up that steep hill to Landas." He painted it to me in such lively colors that it seemed to me as if I had to stagger under the weight of the world! That was no despicable

success to be so made game of before my schoolfellows. I go further; it was a negative success, even worse than the rest. One day in the German class I translated *der gemeine Hollunder* (the common elder bush) as *der gemeine Holländer* (the common Dutchman), and in one of the English lessons I boldly said that *kalbsbraten* (veal) meant "beef of veal." The teacher burst out laughing and said, "Get away home, and tell your father (who was the English Consul) that *kalbsbraten* means beef of veal." I went blood-red with shame. That was a terrible come down, which for long destroyed all faith in my capacity both at school and at home, where my stupidities were reported by kind friends. But my good star would have it that even in the same lesson I came in for an enormous satisfaction. In the lesson-book occurred the word *Requiem*; and the teacher asked if any one of us could tell what great composer had written a piece of church music with that title. No one offered an answer, till I gently ventured the name "Mozart." The whole class stared at me as an incomprehensibly strange creature. That I took as a success. But I suspected that it carried something sinister in its lap, and only too soon I found it was so. Naturally the class disliked, as is so often the case, having such a being in their midst, and ever after pursued me in the street with the insult, "There goes 'Mozak,'" and if I escaped down a side street, "Mozak," "Mozak," sounded after me from a long way off. I felt this abuse to be unjust, and considered myself a martyr. I came very near to hating my schoolfellows, and one thing is certain: I shunned nearly all of them.

It is clear that my school successes were not as a rule happy. But there were exceptions, which shone like sunbeams on my life. For example, in the singing class all went well. One

day we were examined in our scales. Not one of the thirty children in the class was up in them; but I had them at my fingers' ends. The teacher—a worthy old Czech, named Schediwý—said, "I will give no marks; but Greig is the best." I was the lion of the moment, and thoroughly enjoyed the situation.

But I must not forget to mention a success in examination. We had then a very intelligent teacher of history who did not require us to repeat the lessons word for word but wanted the sense freely rendered. Now Fate would have it that I was obliged to be away from school for a time owing to a bad eye. I did not learn my lessons and did not think I lost much. But my father took a different view and made me read on where I had stopped at school. That was not enough. He made me learn the history of Louis XIV. by heart and say it word for word. It was a bitter piece of work, but as it was I stuck to it and could not slip out of it. I can certainly say that I got a very exact knowledge of Louis XIV., but that was the only region of history in which I was at home. Now came the examination day. Before the test began one of the boys was amusing himself by prophesying to us what part of history we should be questioned on. His method was very simple. He opened the book at random and said we should be asked about that part. And for me he opened at the part about Louis XIV. "All right," I said, "for me"; and told them how I had been obliged to cram that for my father. The lad wanted to try again: when suddenly in came the teacher. I was one of the first to be called up. The teacher sat as usual and balanced himself on one leg of his chair while he turned over the leaves backwards and forwards, considering where he could catch me best. A long and painful

silence. At last he came out with, "Tell me something about Louis XIV." I heard suppressed giggles from various corners. God knows what I looked like myself; at least a head taller than usual. Perhaps I struck an attitude. It poured out as from a barrel with the bung out. Unceasingly flowed the stream of my speech. Not a word was left out. It was all as if nailed to my memory. The teacher was dumb with astonishment: he tried not to believe his ears; but the facts had spoken. There was nothing to bring against me. Once more a turning over of the leaves, once more a wriggle on the leg of the chair. The sweat of anxiety burst from my forehead. It was impossible that for the second time I should be more lucky than wise. But my good star did not forsake me. "Can you tell me what generals were on the Black Sea under Catherine II.?" With a loud voice I answered, "Generals Greigh and Elphinstone." Those names had been welded into my consciousness ever since my father had told me that our family arms, which bore a ship, denoted that our original ancestor was in all probability the Scotch Admiral Greigh. The teacher clapped the book to. "Quite right: for that you will get a 1 and a star; but for the year's work you will have to be content with a one-and-a-half." I was more than content: I was as proud as a Field-Marshal after a victory. I almost think that was the greatest success of my school life. All the greater shame for me that its real meaning was so small! This success confirmed in me the conviction of the truth of what the great Norwegian statesman, Johann Sverdruf, once said in the *Storthing*: "One must have luck: there is nothing more unfortunate than to be a politician deserted by his luck."

But one day—I must have been twelve or thirteen—I brought with me to school a music-book on which I had

written in large letters: "Variations on a German melody for the Piano, by Edward Grieg: Opus I." I wanted to show it to a schoolfellow who had taken some interest in me. But what happened? In the middle of the German lesson this same schoolfellow began to murmur some unintelligible words which made the teacher call out, half unwillingly: "What is the matter: what are you saying there?" Again a confused murmur; again a call from the teacher; and then he whispered, "Grieg has got something." "What does that mean, Grieg has got something?" "Grieg has composed something." The teacher, for reasons which will be easily understood from what I have related above, was not very partial to me; so he stood up, came to me, looked at the music-book, and said in a peculiar, ironical tone, "So the lad is musical, the lad composes: remarkable!" Then he opened the door into the next classroom, fetched the teacher in from there and said to him: "Here is something to look at: this little urchin is a composer." Both teachers turned over the leaves of the music-book with interest. Every one stood up in both classes. I felt sure of a grand success; but that is what one should never feel too quickly. For the other teacher had no sooner gone away again than my master suddenly changed his tactics, seized me by the hair till my eyes were black, and said gruffly, "Another time he will bring the German dictionary with him, as is proper, and leave this stupid stuff at home." Alas! To be so near the summit of fortune and then all at once to see oneself plunged into the depths! How often has that happened to me later in life! And I have always been driven to remember that first time.

Opposite the school house there lived a young lieutenant, who was a passionate lover of music and a skilful per-

former on the piano. With him I took refuge, and brought to him my attempts at composition, in which he took so much interest that I always had to copy them out for him. That was a success of which I was not a little proud. It fortunately happened later on that I was able to get the copies back from him, so as to consign them to the waste-paper basket, to which they properly belonged. I have often thought with gratitude of my friend, the lieutenant, who afterwards was promoted to be a general, and of the encouraging recognition which he accorded to my first productions in art. To my juvenile feelings that was a pleasant offset to all the cuffs and scoldings which I had to undergo at school.

In these times it never occurred to me for a moment that I might become an artist. And if the thought struck me at any time I put it aside as something altogether too high and unattainable. If anyone asked me what I wanted to be, I answered unhesitatingly, "A Pastor." My fancy painted the black-coated shepherd of souls as the most attractive of characters. To be able to preach or speak before a listening crowd seemed to me something very lofty. To be a prophet, a herald, that was what I liked. And what did I not declaim to my unfortunate parents and sisters! I knew all the poems in the reading-book by heart. And when my father, after dinner, wanted to take his little sleigh in the armchair, I would not leave him in peace, but got behind a chair, which represented my pulpit, and declaimed away without any consideration. All the time I would watch him, apparently in a light sleep, but now and then he laughed a little, and then I was happy; it meant a recognition. And how I could torment him without end. "Ah! one more little poem." "No; that is enough." "Only one!" What child-

ish ambition! He knows well enough already the excitement of success.

The end of my schooldays, and at the same time my departure from home, came sooner than I expected. I was nearly fifteen, but had not been long in the top class. But it befell that one summer's day a rider at full gallop dashed up from the road to Landas. He drew up, reined in his fiery Arab, and leaped off. It was he, the fairy god whom I had dreamed of but never seen; it was Ole Bull. It did not quite please me that this god simply got off and behaved like a man, came into the room and smilingly greeted us all. I remember well that I felt something like an electric current pass through me when his hand touched mine. But when this divine being let himself go so far as to make jokes, it was clear to me, to my silent sorrow, that he was only a man after all. Unfortunately he had not his violin with him, but talk he could and talk he diligently did. We all listened speechless to his astounding stories of his journeys in America. That was indeed something for my childish imagination. But when he heard I had composed music, I had to go to the piano; all my entreaties were in vain. I cannot now understand what Ole Bull could find at that time in my juvenile pieces. But he was quite serious and talked quietly to my parents. The matter of their discussion was by no means disagreeable to me. For suddenly Ole Bull came to me, shook me in his own way, and said, "You are to go to Leipzig, and become a musician." Everybody looked at me affectionately, and I understood just one thing, that a good fairy was stroking my cheek and that I was happy. And my good parents! Not one moment's opposition or hesitation: everything was arranged, and it seemed to me the most natural thing in the world. What thanks I owed to them—plus Ole Bull—I only saw clearly

at a later time. I was under a magic spell, and there was no room for other influences. But stop, ambition was also there, that I can scarcely deny. And ambition is apparently one of the chief ingredients which go to make that very mixed salad which is called an "artist." For unconsciously something whispered in me, "A success." But what says my reader to that? Am I permitted to claim a success? At all events I do so, with or without leave. And here I close the list of the more or less honorable successes of my childish days. But as I have undertaken the task of finding out my first success, an inward voice bids me go a little further in my search. And now my path leads me to the Leipzig Conservatorium, to which I was sent a few months after Ole Bull's visit to Landas. It is not by chance that the word "sent" comes to the end of my pen. I felt like a parcel, stuffed with dreams. I was placed under the care of an old friend of my father's. I crossed the North Sea to Hamburg, and after one day's breathing time went on by train southwards to mediæval Leipzig, where the dark, tall, uncanny houses and narrow streets almost took my breath. I was deposited in a boarding-house; my father's old friend said good-bye—the last Norwegian word which I heard for a long time—and then I stood alone, a lad of fifteen in a strange land, alone among strangers. I was very homesick. I went to my room and cried without stopping till I was sent for by my host for dinner. The husband, a superior employé in the Post Office, tried to comfort me: "Look here, my dear Herr Grieg, here there are the same sun, the same moon and the same good God that you have at home." It was very well meant, but neither sun nor moon nor the good God could replace that old friend of my father who was gone, the last link which bound me to my home. But young people quickly

change their moods. I soon got over my homesickness, and although I had not the slightest idea what it meant to study music, I was dead certain that the miracle would happen, and that in three years, when my course of studies came to an end, I should go back home a wizard-master in the kingdom of sound. That is the last proof that childish naïveté was the strongest thing in me. And I should not like to be taken as having been anything but a child-student of the Conservatorium. Such, indeed, I was, even in my dress. I used to go in a short blouse with a belt, such as the boys wore at my own home. My comrades at first measured me up with looks of astonishment. Indeed, there was one violinist who got some fun out of it, and took me on his lap, which naturally drove me to despair. But all that was soon over.

I had now been admitted into the sanctuary of the Leipzig Conservatorium, and had thus received a confirmation of the hope that I was possessed of musical talent, which, according to the Statutes, was the condition of admission; and this, for a young beginner like me, who dreaded nothing so much as to be rejected, was a colossal victory. And now to win the first artist-heart among my comrades! What a conquest! And then the sympathy of the professors; to get a word of praise from one of them in my lesson. These were joys which excited my youthful spirits quite otherwise than did the applause of thousands in my later life. Such joys did not fall to my lot all at once. I was anything but a prize-Conservatorist. Quite the contrary. In my first days I was profoundly lazy. I still remember how Louis Plaidy, my first—and very unsympathetic—teacher of the piano, one day in my lesson, when I was bungling over a repulsive sonata of Clementi which he had forced upon me, suddenly snatched the book from the instrument and pitched

it with a great curve through the air into the farthest corner of the great music-room. As he could not very well try the same experiment with me, he thundered at me, "Go home and practise!" I must say he had a good right to be furious; but the punishment was terribly disgraceful for me, because there were so many scholars in the room. To speak mildly, I must describe this episode as a very doubtful success. Meanwhile, it was useful to me. For my pride revolted against Plaidy's brutal treatment. As he never let me play anything but Czerny, Kuhlau and Clementi, all of whom I hated like the plague, I soon took my resolve. I went to the Director of the Conservatorium and asked to be released from Plaidy's lessons. My request was granted, and I was proud of this result. It took away some of my excessive timidity, and I became more courageous. It has often been said that Plaidy was a good technical man and knew how to bring his pupils on in their technique. But whether the reason is to be sought in my stupidity, in my idleness or in my antipathy to Plaidy, it is certain that he taught me no technique at all. His method of teaching was one of the least intelligent possible. How he sat there during the lesson, a little fat, bald man planted straight up by the piano, his left forefinger behind his ear, while the pupil played on in the deadliest weariness, admonishing in the ever repeated words, "Slowly, always slowly, firm; lift your fingers; slow, firm; lift your fingers!" It was simply maddening. Besides, it sometimes happened that when the pupil got up from the piano, he took his place; but this was only in certain circumstances which I will describe presently. When this happened we scholars had a private joke of our own. We knew beforehand, to a hair, when Plaidy was going to exhibit. It happened when a scholar brought with

him Mendelssohn's Scherzo Capriccioso in E or his Capriccio in B minor. In either case Plaidy spread himself out as well as possible at the piano in the slow introduction. It has been said that Bülow in his performances bought out too much of the pedagogue. But if so, what shall one say of Plaidy? His playing was a living illustration of his theories: "Slow; strong; lift the fingers." And besides there was his everlasting "punctuation," if I may so express it, his perpetual separating out of the smallest phrases. Eternal commas, semicolons, notes of exclamation, dashes, and between these—absolutely nothing. Not a trace of contents! A Philistine bill-of-fare show! But then came the glorious moment. The slow introduction was over; the allegro was to follow on. And now we knew exactly what would happen. As sure as two and two make four, so certain was it that Plaidy would get up from the piano and with an assumed quiet, as if casually, remark "And so on." Just think: to be a teacher of the Leipzig Conservatorium, with a great reputation for capacity, and just to be able to play the slow movements of two Mendelssohn Capriccios! With all that the poor man imagined seriously that we did not see through him; it was most comical.

But I will not be unjust. I have already indicated that I was lacking in the conditions necessary for appreciating Plaidy. For there were scholars who by blindly following his principles were able to show surprisingly brilliant technical results. The finest technique of all was that displayed by the Englishman, J. F. Barnett, who was a sworn follower of Plaidy. Hard working and energetic, he attained to a broad interpretation of Beethoven which won our highest respect. Here comes in an episode which I cannot refrain from telling. One dark winter evening Barnett was for the first time

to play Beethoven's E flat Concerto at the Gewandhaus, a rare honor for a Conservatorist. The concert was to begin at half-past six. At half-past five I was in the Conservatorium—which was usually empty at that time—having gone there to fetch a music book which I had forgotten. To my astonishment I heard apparently from one of the class-rooms notes like those of a beginner—one note coming slowly after another. The next moment it struck me that they were passages out of the allegro of the E flat Concerto, played, not adagio, but very much slower. I opened the door slightly. It was Barnett, who had the courage to carry out his method to its utmost consequences, and that just before his public appearance. And I did not grudge the amiable and modest artist the results of his assiduity. A couple of hours later the magnificent passages came out like a shower of pearls with absolute clearness. He had a brilliant success. Here again, as so often happens, Goëthe's saying proved true: No one thing suits everybody. As I have said, Plaidy did not do for me. I needed a different kind of authority. Better days dawned for me, when I became pupil for the piano of Ernst Ferdinand Wengel, the gifted friend of Schumann, who soon became my idol; at all events, he did not play the introductions to Mendelssohn's Capriccios. In fact, he did not play at all. There was a rumor that in his youth he had suddenly lost his memory in the course of a public performance. He had never got over it and could no longer be induced to play in public. But he was a master in the art of imparting his conceptions of playing; and he could make a bar stand out in a convincing way quite different from Plaidy's. Above all, there was music behind his words.

Later on I was ordained to have lessons from the famous Ignaz Moscheles. Under the influence of these two teach-

ers all my idleness passed away. Many hard things have been said about old Moscheles as a teacher. I stand up for him with the greatest warmth. It is true that he was naïve enough to believe that he imposed on us by seizing every opportunity to run down Chopin and Schumann, whom I secretly adored; but he could play beautifully; and he did; often taking up the whole lesson. Especially his interpretations of Beethoven, whom he worshipped, were splendid. They were conscientious, full of character, and noble, without any straining after effect. I studied Beethoven's Sonatas with him by the dozen. Often I could not play four bars together without his laying his hands on mine, pushing me gently from my seat, and saying, "Now listen how I do that." In this way I learned many a little technical secret, and came to value his expressive interpretations at the very highest. It was told of him at the Conservatorium—though, fortunately, I cannot bear witness to it from my own experience—that he had given his pupils this advice: "Play diligently the old masters, Mozart, Beethoven, Haydn and—me." I dare not vouch for this anecdote. But I allude to it because I myself, at his suggestion, took in hand his 24 Studies (Op. 70), all of which I studied with him without exception, and do not at all regret it. They pleased me, and so I did my best to satisfy both him and myself. That he must have noticed; for he became more and more kind to me; and though a simple it was yet a very important success for me when, one day, after I had played one of his studies, without his interrupting me once, he turned to the other students and said, "Look here, gentlemen, that I call musicianly playing." How glad I was! That day the whole world lay before me bathed in light.

On the other hand, my successes in the harmony lessons were not such as

I could boast of. Under E. F. Richter at first I always wrote, to the bass which was set, harmonies which pleased myself, instead of those prescribed by the rules of thorough bass. Afterwards I could find many a useful theme for a fugue; but to arrange the theme so that it would do under the fixed rules, that was not for me. I started off from the faulty subject, and if my work sounded well, that was the main thing so far as I was concerned. For Richter, on the contrary, the chief matter was that the problem should be properly solved. And if only the solving of musical problems, and not music, were in the first order of importance, from his point of view he would have been right. But at that time his point of view never became clear to me. I defied him obstinately, and stuck to my own opinion. I did not conceive that in that matter I ought to be a learner and confine myself within limits, to obey, and, as it says in the preface to his "Harmony," not to ask why. Luckily we never quarrelled. He only smiled indulgently at my stupidities, and with a "No! wrong!" he corrected them with a thick pencil-mark, which did not make me much more careful. But there were a great many in the class, and Richter could not stop for every single one.

Dr. Robert Papperitz, from whom I took harmony lessons at the same time, gave me a freer rein. The consequence was that I went so far out of the beaten path in my choral work as to introduce chromatic passages in the voice parts wherever I could. One day he broke out, "No, this chromatic work won't do; you are becoming a second Spohr!" And as Spohr, in my opinion, was an academic pedant of the first rank, I did not at all enjoy that criticism. Finally I had lessons from Moritz Hauptmann; and I shall ever be grateful to that amiable old

man for all that he taught me by his intelligent and discriminating comments. In spite of all his learning, he represented to me everything that was not scholastic. For him rules in themselves meant nothing; they were simply the essential laws of nature. I will here bring in an episode, which in a weak moment I might call a success. Before I knew Hauptmann (I was not yet sixteen and wore a boy's blouse) I received the honor, in a private examination—a sort of half-yearly examination in which all the pupils without exception were obliged to take part—of being allowed to play a piece of my own composition. When I had finished, and was leaving the piano, to my amazement I saw an old gentleman rise from the professors' table and come towards me. He laid his hand on my shoulder and said, "Good day, my lad, we must become friends." That was Hauptmann; and naturally I loved him from that moment. In his last years he was an invalid, and gave lessons in his own house, the *Thomaschule*, Sebastian Bach's old home. Here I was fortunate enough to come to know him better. I well remember him sitting on his sofa, in dressing-gown and cap, with a big silk handkerchief in his hand, his spectacles buried deep in my exercise book, which had already received more than one yellow drop from his snuffy nose. There was then a doubtful habit at the Conservatorium—and perhaps it prevails still—of setting the pupils in groups to share the lessons of two different teachers. In piano playing this was thoroughly bad; for we had to learn two different, and often contradictory, methods at once. I remember only too well how Plaidy not only boasted of the results of his method of teaching as contrasted with that of Moscheles, but also allowed himself in class to throw out abusive remarks against him when he found an opportunity. It was not

pleasant for us pupils to listen to that sort of thing; and I think also that on most of us Plaidy made an impression exactly the opposite of what he intended. He quite underestimated his pupils' powers of observation, a thing which often happens with men who have not too much of it themselves. In harmony teaching this plan of learning from different masters had the disadvantage that we had more work to do for them than we could get through, especially when we got far enough to be set to write for each of them complicated fugues with two or three themes to each. I take it that more than one student did as I did, and took up the same exercise to both teachers. That practice, again, brought me a success. A fugue on the name "Gade," which found no favor in the eyes of Richter, won Hauptmann's approval to such a degree that, against all custom, after he had read it through, pausing here and there, he exclaimed, "That must sound very pretty: let me hear it." And when I had finished, he said, with his gentle, amiable smile, "Very pretty, very musical."

In the last year of my course I had lessons in composition from Carl Reinecke, who had then just entered upon his duties as Director of the Gewandhaus concerts and Professor at the Conservatorium, in succession to Julius Rietz, who had been transferred to Dresden. I will give one illustration of the way things went on in these lessons. I went in as one who had not the faintest notion of form nor of the technicalities of stringed instruments, and was at once required to write a string quartet. I felt as if the porter had proposed the task to me; so absurd it seemed. I was reminded of my old nurse, who when she wanted me to do something I could not manage, and I said, "I cannot," used to say, "Put the 'can' down and take it with both hands." This old joke, which had so

often put courage into me, did so once more; and what Reinecke failed to teach me I tried to get out of Mozart and Beethoven, whose quartets I diligently studied on my own account. So I did the piece of work in my own way. The parts were written out and played in a general class of my comrades. The Director of the Conservatorium wanted to have the quartet played in one of the public performances of the best sort of the school; but Ferdinand David, the celebrated violinist and teacher, who was present at the trial of the piece, was of a different opinion. He took me aside and gave me the advice, as wise as it was well meant, not to have it brought out. He thought people would say it was "music of the future." He was wrong in that; there was not a trace of the future in it; it went on the lines of Schumann, Gade and Mendelssohn; but I soon perceived that it was an utterly mediocre piece of work and was very grateful to David for having prevented its performance. I could wish that this quartet and a good deal else of that period had been given to the flames; but, unfortunately, I did not succeed in so destroying it; it exists somewhere, but I do not know where. A fellow-student, who admired my creative efforts, one day led me into temptation. He possessed a complete score of Schumann's pianoforte concerto which he had written out himself and which at that time had only been published with the pianoforte part and the separate orchestral parts, and he offered me this score in exchange for my quartet. I could not resist the offer, and I still think with secret terror that this early failure of mine very likely still exists in some southern country of Europe. After this negative success of my first string quartet, Reinecke said to me, "Now set to, and write an overture." I, who had no notion of orchestration or of orchestral instru-

ments! I was to write an overture! Again I thought of the porter,—and of my nurse. However, I set to work with a youthful contempt of death. But this time I jumped short; I literally stuck in the middle of the overture, and could get no further. It seems incredible: but there was no class in the Conservatorium in which one could get a grounding in these things. No wonder that I can point to nothing like a success in connection with these lessons. It was fortunate for me that in Leipzig I got to hear so much good music, especially orchestral and chamber music. That made up to me for the lack of teaching in the technicalities of composition. It developed my mind and my musical judgment in the highest degree; but it introduced great confusion into the relations between my desires and my ability to carry them out, and I must, alas! say that this confusion was the result of my stay in Leipzig.

It may seem difficult to find, in what I have related, materials for success. But to me it appears otherwise. I observed that not everything goes right. I withdrew into myself, because I was aiming at something which was other than what they taught in the classes, and which they left out of all their teaching. But this very feeling that I wanted something different had a stimulating effect on me, because it pointed to the future and gave me courage to work on for my own hand. But at first it brought me much disillusionment. It cannot be denied that it touched me closely when I was distanced by my fellow-students, who made immense strides forward, and were able to manage the tasks set them. I especially remember some young Englishmen who, partly by resolute industry, partly by facility in acquiring knowledge, accomplished things in presence of which I felt my own incapacity

overwhelming. Among these were Arthur Sullivan, afterwards so celebrated as the composer of the *Mikado*, the pianists Franklin Taylor and Walter Bache, and Edward Dannreuther, too early taken from us, so gifted and so unwearied as the champion of Liszt, and who also was one of the first to enter the lists on behalf of Wagner in England. He was an exceedingly able man, and an eminent player. Lastly there was the fine musician, John Francis Barnett, whom I have mentioned above, and who passed his life as a teacher in London. Sullivan at once distinguished himself by his talent for composition and for the advanced knowledge of instrumentation which he had acquired before he came to the Conservatorium. While still a student he wrote the music to Shakespeare's *Tempest*, a few bars of which he once wrote in my album, and which displays the practised hand of an old master. Although I did not come across him much, I once had the pleasure of passing an hour with him, which I shall not forget. It was during a performance of Mendelssohn's *St. Paul*. We sat and followed the music with the score, and what a score! It was Mendelssohn's own manuscript, which Sullivan had succeeded in borrowing for the occasion from the Director of the Conservatorium, Conrad Schleinitz, who was, as is well-known, an intimate friend of Mendelssohn's. With what reverence we turned from one page to another. We were amazed at the clear, firm notes which so well expressed the ideas of the writer.

The name of Schleinitz reminds me of some incidents which contributed to my education. When I went to Leipzig he was already an elderly man, greatly respected; but it soon became clear to me that he was not one to be loved. However, I have, on the whole, no reason to complain of him. At first I had

a strong impression that he could not endure me, and I thought that he avoided me. I suspected that Plaidy had traduced me to him. But I had hardly been half a year at the Conservatorium when an apparently unimportant incident happened which sent up my stock in Schleinitz's eyes, and after that he was kind and gracious to me at every opportunity. The occurrence was this: One evening I had the ill-luck, with some of my comrades, to come in late to the weekly *soirée* at the Conservatorium. Good manners required us to remain outside till the first piece of music was over, and then we entered the hall all close together. Now Schleinitz had a weakness for intervening at every opportunity with fatherly admonition. When the last note of the evening had sounded, Schleinitz rose and invited all to remain, for he had a few words to say. Great suspense, and also amazement. His speech had no less object than to reprimand all the students who had come in late. He wound up with the bombshell that it was characteristic of this unpunctuality that it was usually the worst scholars who permitted themselves to be guilty of it. This "success" was a little too negative for me. The mortification was more than a young hothead like myself could sit still under. Next morning at nine o'clock I knocked at the Director's door, and was admitted. Without beating about the bush, I spoke straight out from my heart. I told him how inconsiderate and wounding his conduct had been, in treating all of us alike; and that for my part I was not prepared to stand such treatment. He went into a furious rage, jumped up and showed me the door. But I was in a fighting mood: "Certainly, sir, I will go; but not before I have said what I have to say." Then came the astonishing thing. Schleinitz suddenly knocked under. He came to me, patted me on the shoul-

der, and said, as softly as a bird's note, "Now that is very pretty, that you hold to your honor." This success I think indisputable. Schleinitz after that entirely altered his behavior to me, and I felt I had won him for ever. We became the best of friends, and he did not know how to do enough for me. For example: One winter day, when the post, bringing my regular remittance from home, was lost, I was compelled, for the first, and happily for the last time, to pawn my watch. In some inscrutable way Schleinitz heard of it, sent for me, and most pressingly urged me never again to take that way out of a difficulty, but always to come to him when I wanted an advance. A success? Yes, a moral success, which I put down to my credit. And that was a good feature in Schleinitz which deserves to be mentioned along with the sharp criticism of his supposed moral weaknesses about which so much has been said. I should have understood it quite well, if neither the Director nor the Professors had taken any interest in me. For in the whole of the three years I never succeeded in producing anything which gave promise for the future. So if in the course of these sketches of the Conservatorium I have had to blame either certain persons or different things in the institution, I hasten to add as a preliminary remark that it was mainly owing to my own nature that I came very near to leaving the Conservatorium as stupid as I went. I was a dreamer, without any talent for the battle of life. I was clumsy, with little power of sympathy, and anything but teachable. We Norwegians, especially, usually develop too slowly to show in the least at the age of eighteen what we are good for. But however that may be, I at least was quite in the dark about myself. The atmosphere of Leipzig was as a veil over my eyes. A year later, when I went to Denmark, the veil fell, and

there appeared to my amazed glance a world of beauty, which the joys of Leipzig had held concealed. I had found myself, and with the greatest facility I overcame all the difficulties which in Leipzig had seemed insurmountable. With liberated fancy I quickly composed one large work after another. That at first my music was criticized as labored and odd no longer misled me; I knew what I wanted, and steered courageously for the goal which I longed to reach.

But before I close let me go back once more to my Leipzig days. It will be admitted that I have drawn my portrait as a Conservatorium student in no flattering colors. But I do not want to make myself out worse than I was, and before I bring this paper to an end I want to add one thing which will tend to rehabilitate me in the eyes of the many readers who will certainly think that most of my "successes" have been dragged in by the hair of their head.

So I hasten to give one instance of what must be called a real success. It was Easter time, 1862, before I left the Conservatorium, when I enjoyed the honor of being among the students who were selected to appear at the public performance in the hall of the Gewandhaus. I played some pianoforte pieces of my own; they were lame productions enough; and I still blush to-day that they appeared in print and figure as *Opus I.*; but it is a fact that I had an immense success and was called for several times. There was no doubt about that success. Yet it meant nothing for me. The public consisted of invited friends and relations, pro-

fessors and students. In these circumstances it was the easiest thing in the world for the fair-haired lad from the north to make a hit.

And now I ask myself: where, in all that I have related, is the first success to be found? Every one will have read between the lines that for myself and my development no one event gives the answer to that question. I cannot point to my first success and say, There it is. And why? Because the question is somewhat abstract. Anyone who considers the collection of things I have written down will, if he is observant, soon see what I was aiming at. As I indicated at the beginning, it was my intention to bring the reader to answer the question for himself. But perhaps I overestimated my powers. I may therefore as well give him the key, by saying it all over again in a few words. The husk of these experiences conceals the kernel of the problem. That I had in myself sufficient power to shake the yoke off afterwards, to throw away all the superfluous rubbish with which I had been encumbered by my poverty-stricken education both at home and abroad—an education lumbering and one-sided, and tending to drive my natural talents into a totally wrong course: that power was my salvation and my good fortune. And as soon as I became conscious of that power, as soon as I clearly beheld myself, then I realized what I may call my only success. But that decided my life. The joys and sorrows of my childhood and my early student years, disillusionments and triumphs, all contributed to this great success. Yes: without them I should never have attained.

Edward Grieg.

BOOKS.

I.

"I have not read this author's books and if I have read them I have forgotten what they were about." These words are reported as having been uttered in our midst not a hundred years ago, publicly, from the seat of justice, by a civic magistrate. The words of our municipal rulers have a solemnity and importance far above the words of other mortals, because our municipal rulers more than any other variety of our governors and masters represent the average wisdom, temperament, sense, and virtue of the community. This generalization, it ought to be promptly said in the interests of eternal justice (and recent friendship), does not apply to the United States of America. There, if one may believe the long and helpless indignations of their daily and weekly Press, the majority of municipal rulers appear to be thieves of a particularly irrepressible sort. But this by the way. My concern is with a statement issuing from the average temperament and the average wisdom of a great and wealthy community, volunteered by a civic magistrate obviously without fear and without reproach.

I confess I am pleased with his temper, which is that of prudence. "I have not read the books," he says, and immediately he adds, "and if I have read them I have forgotten." This is excellent caution. And I like his style; it is unartificial and bears the stamp of manly sincerity. As a reported piece of prose this declaration is easy to read and not difficult to believe. Many books have not been read; still more have been forgotten. As a piece of civic oratory this declaration is strikingly effective. Calculated to fall in

with the bent of the popular mind, so familiar with all the forms of forgetfulness, it has also the power to stir up a subtle emotion while it starts a train of thought—and what greater force can be expected from human speech? But it is in naturalness that this declaration is perfectly delightful, for there is nothing more natural than for a grave City Father to forget what the books he has read once—long ago—in his giddy youth may be—were about.

And the books in question are novels, or, at any rate, were written as novels. I proceed thus cautiously (following my illustrious example) because being without fear and desiring to remain as far as possible without reproach, I confess at once that I have not read them.

I have not; and of the million persons or more who are said to have read them, I never met one yet with the talent of lucid exposition sufficiently developed to give me a connected account of what they are about. But they are books, part and parcel of humanity, and as such, in their ever-increasing, jostling multitude, they are worthy of regard, admiration, and compassion.

Especially of compassion. It has been said a long time ago that books have their fate. They have; and it is very much like the destiny of men. They share with us the great incertitude of ignominy or glory—of severe justice and senseless persecution—of calumny and misunderstanding—the shame of undeserved success. Of all the inanimate objects, of all men's creations, books are the nearest to us, for they contain our very thought, our ambitions, our indignations, our illusions, our fidelity to truth, and our persistent leaning towards error. But most of all they resemble us in their precarious hold on life. A bridge constructed ac-

cording to the rules of the art of bridge-building is certain of a long, honorable, and useful career. But a book as good in its way as the bridge may perish obscurely on the very day of its birth. The art of their creators is not sufficient to give them more than a moment of life. Of the books born from the restlessness, the inspiration, and the vanity of human mind those that the Muses would love best lie more than all others under the menace of an early death. Sometimes their defects will save them. Sometimes a book fair to see, may—to use a lofty expression—have no individual soul. Obviously a book of that sort cannot die. It can only crumble into dust. But the best of books drawing sustenance from the sympathy and memory of men have lived on the brink of destruction, for men's memories are short, and their sympathy is, we must admit, a very fluctuating, unprincipled emotion.

No secret of eternal life for our books can be found amongst the formulas of art, any more than for our bodies in a prescribed combination of drugs. It is not because some books are not worthy of enduring life, but because the formulas of art are dependent on things variable, unstable and untrustworthy, on human sympathies, on prejudices, on likes and dislikes, on the sense of virtue and the sense of propriety, on beliefs and theories that, indestructible in themselves, always change their form—often in the lifetime of one fleeting generation.

II.

Of all books, novels, which the Muses should love, make a serious claim on our compassion. The art of story-telling is simple. At the same time it is the most delusive of all creative arts, the most liable to be obscured by the scruples of its servants and votaries, the one pre-eminently destined to bring

trouble to the mind and the heart of the artist. After all, the creation of a world is not a small undertaking except perhaps to the divinely gifted. In truth every novelist must begin by creating for himself a world, great or little, in which he can honestly believe. This world cannot be made otherwise than in his own image: it is fated to remain individual and a little mysterious, and yet it must resemble something already familiar to the experience, the thoughts and the sensations of his readers. At the heart of fiction, even the least worthy of the name, some sort of truth can be found—if only the truth of a childish theatrical ardor in the game of life, as in the novels of Dumas the father. But the fair truth of human delicacy can be found in Mr. Henry James's novels; and the comical, appalling truth of human rapacity let loose amongst the spoils of existence lives in the monstrous world created by Balzac. The pursuit of happiness by means lawful and unlawful, through resignation or revolt, by the clever manipulation of conventions or by solemn hanging on to the skirts of the latest scientific theory, is the only theme that can be legitimately developed by the novelist who is the chronicler of the adventures of mankind amongst the dangers of the kingdom of the earth. And the kingdom of this earth itself, the ground upon which his individualities stand, stumble, or die, must enter into his scheme of faithful record. To encompass all this in one harmonious conception is a great feat; and even to attempt it deliberately with serious intention, not from the senseless promoting of an ignorant heart, is an honorable ambition. For it requires some courage to step in calmly where fools may be eager to rush. As a distinguished and successful French novelist once observed of fiction "*C'est un art trop difficile.*"

It is natural that the novelist should doubt his ability to cope with his task. He imagines it more gigantic than it is. And yet literary creation being only one of the legitimate forms of human activity has no value but on the condition of not excluding the fullest recognition of all the more distinct forms of action. This condition is sometimes forgotten by the man of letters who often, especially in his youth, is inclined to lay a claim of exclusive superiority for his own amongst all the other tasks of human mind. The mass of verse and prose may glimmer here and there with the glow of a divine spark, but in the sum of human effort it has no special importance. There is no justificative formula for its existence any more than for any other achievement. With the rest of them it is destined to be forgotten, without, perhaps, leaving the faintest trace. Where a novelist has an advantage over the workers in other fields of thought is in his privilege of freedom—the freedom of expression and the freedom of confessing his innermost beliefs—which should console him for the hard slavery of the pen.

III.

Liberty of the imagination should be the most precious possession of a novelist. To try voluntarily to discover the fettering dogmas of some romantic, realistic, or naturalistic creed in the free work of its own inspiration is a trick worthy of human perverseness, which, after inventing an absurdity, endeavors to find for it a pedigree of distinguished ancestors. It is a weakness of inferior minds when it is not the cunning device of those who, uncertain of their talent, would seek to add lustre to it by the authority of a school. Such, for instance, are the high priests who have proclaimed Stendhal for a prophet of Naturalism. But Stendhal himself would have accepted no limita-

tion of his freedom. Stendhal's mind was of the first order. His spirit above must be raging with a peculiarly Stendhalesque scorn and indignation. For the truth is that more than one kind of intellectual cowardice hides behind the literary formulas. And Stendhal was pre-eminently courageous. He wrote his two great novels, which so few people have read, in a spirit of fearless liberty.

It must not be supposed that I claim for the artist in fiction the freedom of moral Nihilism. I would require from him many acts of faith of which the first would be the cherishing of an undying hope; and hope, it will not be contested, implies all the piety of effort and renunciation. It is the God-sent form of trust in the magic force and inspiration belonging to the life of this earth. We are inclined to forget that the way of excellence is in the intellectual, as distinguished from emotional, humility. What one feels so hopelessly barren in declared pessimism is just its arrogance. It seems as if the discovery made by many men at various times that there is much evil in the world were a source of proud and unholy joy unto some of the modern writers. That frame of mind is not the proper one in which to approach seriously the art of fiction. It gives an author—goodness only knows why—an elated sense of his own superiority. And there is nothing more dangerous than such an elation to that absolute loyalty towards his feelings and sensations an author should keep hold of in his most exalted moments of creation.

To be hopeful in an artistic sense it is not necessary to think that the world is good. It is enough to believe that there is no impossibility of it being made so. If the flight of imaginative thought may be allowed to rise superior to many moralities current amongst mankind, a novelist who would think himself of a superior essence

to other men would miss the first condition of his calling. To have the gift of words is no such great matter. A man furnished with a long-range weapon does not become a hunter or a warrior by the mere possession of a firearm. Many other qualities of character and temperament are necessary to make him either one or the other. Of him from whose armory of phrases one in a hundred thousand may perhaps hit the far distant and elusive mark of art I would ask that in his dealings with mankind he should be capable of giving a tender recognition to their obscure virtues. I would not have him impatient with their small failings and scornful of their errors. I would not have him expect too much gratitude from that humanity whose fate, as illustrated in individuals, it is open to him to present as ridiculous or terrible. I would wish him to look with a large forgiveness at men's ideas and prejudices which are by no means the outcome of malevolence but depend on their education, their social status, even their professions. The good artist should expect no recognition of his toil and no admiration of his genius, because his toil can with difficulty be appraised and his genius cannot possibly mean anything to the illiterate who,

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even from the dreadful wisdom of their own evoked dead have, so far, culled nothing but inanities and platitudes. I would wish him to enlarge his sympathies by patient and loving observation while he grows in mental power. It is in the impartial practice of life, if anywhere, that the promise of perfection for his art can be found; not in the absurd formulas trying to prescribe this or that particular method of technique or conception. Let him mature the strength of his imagination amongst the things of this earth which it is his business to cherish and know; and refrain from calling down his inspiration ready made from some heaven of perfections of which he knows nothing. And I would not grudge him the proud illusion that will come sometimes to a writer, the illusion that his achievement has almost equalled the greatness of his dream. For what else could give him the serenity and the force to hug to his breast as a thing delightful and human, the virtue, the rectitude and sagacity of his own City, declaring with simple eloquence through the mouth of a Conscript Father: "I have not read this author's books and if I have read them I have forgotten . . ."

Joseph Conrad.

GARDEN GAMES OF CHILDREN.

Children in a garden might well be the descendants of Titania's elves. They look upon themselves as the good fairies of the flowers to some extent, and would be delighted if they could hang a pearl on every cowslip's ear; while to kill cankers in the moss-rose buds would be deemed by them a most proper work of benevolence, always supposing that they were not expected to go on with it longer than they

pleased. They have, too, all that serious personal interest in the garden animals and flowers which Shakespeare attributes to his fairies. All the creatures, from the wicked green blight to the toads in the rockery, are personalities in whom they are interested, and there is not one of the garden population which is not occasionally called upon to play a part in the children's games, or to serve as a recruit in some

newly devised pastime in company with their friends the flowers on the lawn which is their stage and around the trees which are their scenery.

There is absolutely no limit to their invention and their bright adoption of new characters for old situations. Recently some small children who, "owing to circumstances over which they had no control," were much thrown on their own resources had the happy thought of becoming the owners of a stud of racing snails, which, unlike other forms of racing, whether with horses, yachts, motors, or boats, was neither troublesome nor expensive. It is not every one who can find out for himself the way in which snails can be induced to race; but the discovery was made very promptly by these quick-witted representatives of Titania's Court. In the dry month of May the snails, to judge by appearances, were all very thirsty. But a thirsty snail does not want to drink; it wants to *soak* in the wet, and to cool, not its lips, but its "foot," that being the name given to the fleshy projection on which a snail walks. Seeing that the snails always came out to walk on places where water was spilt from the garden hose, the children hit upon the brilliant idea of making a racecourse for them by pouring water down a sloping tree-trunk, and setting the snails in a row to start at the bottom. Only a broad ribbon was kept wet down the trunk, and the snails "kept the course" admirably. They scarcely ever refused to race, though occasionally one "grew cross and would only bubble." As all these children were well posted up in the rules of a well-known sailing club to which their elders belonged, they proceeded to develop the snail-racing on the model of yacht club rules. They soon found out which were fast snails and which slow. A "gun" was fired at the start, and again when each snail crossed the line, and as their speed was ascertained the

snails had handicaps or time allowances. It need scarcely be said that they all had names. When not racing they were put back into particular clumps of iris, and it was found that whatever their wanderings at night, the same snails were always back in the same iris clump next morning. The energetic discernment which can enlist snails as playmates finds matter for the deepest interest in all the garden animals. The solemn toads that live in the rockeries are "called upon" regularly, and fed, and when an ants' nest swarms, they are fetched out at once by their small friends to enjoy a feast of winged ants. All the little thrushes and blackbirds, and the wrens' and robins' nests, are objects of the tenderest solicitude, of far more, indeed, than is good for the young birds or soothing to the nerves of the old ones.

The best garden amusement which can possibly be provided for small children is a sandpit. As it is not ornamental, except in their own eyes, when it has been "decorated," the sandpit is best placed in a retired corner, or in a subsidiary garden or shrubbery. If the earth is dug out for about three feet, and the space filled in with two feet of good red sand, it will give several mornings' amusement and occupation to children every dry week in the year, but especially in spring and summer. The sand is dry, or when moist soon dries, and it forms the material for building, gardening, forts, caves, mountains, harbors, cities, cathedrals, farms, golf courses, and switchback railways. These are peopled, planted, or "stocked" as they may require with dolls, lead soldiers, farmyard animals, and even fish, because saucers or plates sunk in the sand make capital lakes and ponds, which can be filled with *real water*. The trees, flowers, and shrubs planted in the sand are "real" too. The children of the Dutch country gentlemen are particularly fortunate

In this respect, because their gardens and woods consist of sand and peat pretty equally mixed, and every shrubbery is a potential sandpit. The sandpit also has a "fauna" of its own, especially large shiny sand-beetles. One set of children enlisted these as material for play. They were allotted the rôle of babies, and after being kept in a nursery were given baths, and put to bed in cottonwood boxes. But this did not suit the beetles, whose deaths enlarged the lists of infant mortality.

The building of grottoes is a delightful garden game. It is said that this joy of children is due to the pious sentiment of our ancestors, whose spiritual ambition it was, next after a pilgrimage to the Holy Sepulchre, to gain further sanctity by a visit to the Spanish shrine of St. James of Compostella. At Compostella was the grotto in which the saint lived, and with the visit to the shrine was associated the memorial of the pilgrim's scallop-shell. To remind good Roman Catholics of their duty to the saint, grottoes were built in the streets on St. James's Day, so that the little piles of shells and stones which the London children ask us to "remember" on that day, and of the origin of which they know nothing, are the one survival of the piety of Roman Catholic children handed down for more than three centuries and a half after the Reformation. But grottoes are built all the year round by children in our gardens. They are to them the *ne plus ultra* of garden architecture. The material must be beautiful and obtained with effort,—mossy tree-roots, shells, pretty stones, old glass, and bits of spar and rock coral. Two things are essential to a grotto: an inner cavern or cell, and if possible, a waterfall, and the cell must be capable of being illuminated. The cell is usually achieved, but the crowning beauty of the waterfall is too often denied them. Yet all children have traditions of other chil-

dren who not only did make a waterfall, but also a fountain "which worked." The aid of capable elders with a knowledge of engineering is only summoned very reluctantly. *Nec deus intersit* is a canon of gardening art which they always respect. They like to build the grotto to its last pinnacle with their own hands, and playing with water is in itself so delightful that they would not barter the pleasure even for the certainty of spectacular success. A river is sometimes made to flow out of the grotto in the following way. A length of garden hose is skilfully introduced at the back, the other end of the hose being fastened to the bottom of a flower-pot full of water, the flower-pot being sunk in a mound and the hole corked. The company are then invited to see the grotto, and all are requested to shut their eyes. The cork is then removed, and the water trickles down the pipe and into and out of the grotto. Then the word "Ready!" is given, and every one is at liberty to open his eyes, and enjoy the admirable spectacle as long as it lasts.

Flower games are mainly the occupation of their quiet moments, yet daisy-chains and cowslip-balls keep them sedulously employed when the fancy takes them. Divination by flowers and plants also plays a part in their hours of garden ease. The dandelion-seeds blown at with their little pouting lips name the hour of the day or the day of the week on which some unknown treat will be theirs, and the rye grass and meadow fescue tell them whom they will marry or what they will be, what they will ride in, how they will be housed, and what they will wear. The seeds of the lawn plantains make sport as fighting cocks, and the horse chestnuts threaded on strings afford a fortnight of challenge in the game of conquerors. "I spy" and hide-and-seek are naturally the main and standard form of active garden game, the joys

of which need no description. But an added zest is given to this when bigger people play, who can be shown and

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taught to appreciate the excellence of all the most recently discovered hiding-places.

MR. ROBERT BRIDGES'S "DEMETER."*

In "Demeter," which was written for performance by the ladies of Somerville College in June, 1904, Mr. Bridges returns to the form of his early "mask in the Greek manner," one of the best of his dramatic poems, "Prometheus the Firegiver." "Demeter" is full of grave beauty—the beauty of graceful thought, of sober meditation. It brings the Greek myth before us with respect for its essential qualities as a Greek myth; and if it does something to interpret that myth to us, it adds nothing, it spoils nothing. When Tennyson recast *Malory* for the early Victorian public, he deliberately altered the outlines of the design; he did not merely fill them up according to his own taste. But Mr. Bridges has given to the learned ladies of Somerville College no modern woman, learned like themselves, but a Greek maiden who has been in the shades, "and keeps their fallen day about her," and a Greek mother who has learnt a mysterious wisdom through sorrow. The Oceanides are bright, unthoughtful creatures, and except for their chatter on pp. 33, 34, speak in blithe song. The main part of the play is written in a very simple, very easy and adequate blank verse, which is as plain as prose, and lacking in none of the formal qualities of poetry. There are several choruses in Greek metres, and there is some lyrical verse spoken in dialogue.

Perhaps the most beautiful passage in the mask is the speech of Persephone gathering flowers. It begins:—

* "Demeter: a Mask." By Robert Bridges. (Oxford, Clarendon Press.)

Thou tiny flower!
Art thou not wise?
Who taught thee else, thou frail anemone,
Thy starry notion, thy wind-wavering motion,
Thy complex of chaste beauty, unimagin'd
Till thou art seen?—And how so wisely, thou,
Indifferent to the number of thy rays,
While others are so strict? This six-leaved tulip,
—He would not risk a seventh for all his worth,—
He thought to attain unique magnificence
By sheer simplicity—a pointed oval
Bare on a stalk erect: and yet, grown old
He will his young idea quite abandon,
In his dishevel'd fury wantoning
Beyond belief. . . . Some are four-leaved: this poppy
Will have but four. He, like a hurried thief,
Stuffs his rich silks into too small a bag—
I think he watch'd a summer-butterfly
Creep out all crumpled from his winter-case,
Trusting the sun to smooth his tender tissue
And sleek the velvet of his painted wings:—
And so doth he.

This is grave and dainty verse, fit for Persephone, who speaks of flowers with a sisterly intimacy. Yet is there not, even here, that lack of vital heat which we find almost everywhere in Mr. Bridges's dramatic verse? We have only to think of any single line of *Perdita* among the flowers to see what ec-

stasy can come into poetry at any flicker of vital heat. Persephone repeats poetry with charm and naturalness; but on the lips of Perdita poetry is born, as if no lips had ever spoken it before.

It is in his lyrical works that Mr. Bridges is at his best, and many of his "Shorter Poems" are among the most beautiful songs that have been written in our time. They are best when they are simplest, both in substance and in form, and it is not without regret that we see Mr. Bridges more and more intent on various kinds of elaboration, metrical and other. He has written admirably on prosody, and has done much by his own work to loosen English metre, to make it more flexible, less sing-song, more definitely expressive. But of late he has been experimenting in new directions. Not content with English metre as English metre, he has tried to bring new cadences into it out of Greek, forcing himself, with a difficulty which he admits, to "measure the length of syllables by ear." There are three choruses in this mask written in classical metres; each is pleasant as a lyric, and interesting as an experiment; but is it not to some extent an argument against the wisdom of the experiment when we find in this work scarcely a suggestion of the ripe and exquisite quality of the best of the "Shorter Poems"? An experiment in classical metres is but poor compensation for an achievement in English ones.

Mr. Bridges has several pages of notes in defence of his practice of "occasionally using certain Greek accents to determine the pronunciation of certain syllables in the verse"; but it does not seem to us that he succeeds in justifying a practice which, in our opinion, is either needless because the verse is clear without it, or worse than needless because the verse, not being clear without it, cannot become good through its help. Poe has rightly said that "it

is the business of the poet so to construct his line that the intention *must* be caught *at once*"; and it has hitherto been a part of Mr. Bridges's own theory

that there shall never be a conventional or imaginary stress—that is, *the verse cannot make the stress, because it is the stress that makes the verse.*

When, in the pages before us, he prints:—

I claimed from Zeus that of the fair
Immortals

One should be given to me to grace my
throne,

his accent is needless, because no one who read the lines for their sense could help laying the emphasis on "me"; and the same is true of the only slightly more difficult line below it:—

And of mere justice there had granted
me
Whome'er I chose.

It is not accurate to say that the circumflex accent on "there"

distinguishes the word from the unaccented *there* which often occurs before *had*: as in such a sentence as this, *Without the accent there had been an ambiguity.*

No such distinction is necessary, because it is obvious, even at a first glance, that a sentence in which the "had" is governed by a previous "he" could not carry the sense, and therefore could not carry the sound, of a sentence in which "there had" might be written, as Mr. Bridges says, "thér'ad." But in the next instance of accentuation the line

Poseidon's chariot w^{hén} he rebukes the
waves,

which occurs in a chorus written in the metre of

Mæcenās atavis edite regibus,

has an accent on "when," in order to show that "he" is "enclitic or proclitic and consequently a short syllable"; and Mr. Bridges says that if this were not shown it would be quite as natural for some readers to stress the verse with the accent on "he," making it a long syllable. But again, how could any reader, reading for the sense, emphasize the word "he" in such a sentence as that in which the line occurs? No one, reading for the sense, could; but it is one of the dangers of writing in classical metres that to unaccustomed ears there is an instinctive attempt rather to balance syllables according to a realized metre than to listen simply for the metre as it comes out of the strict sense-accentuation of the words. Thus it seems to us that a line like

*Thereat shé will adorn Zeuses honor'd
banner*

is really a bad line, because here the
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accent is necessary, or would be, certainly, if the line stood by itself. And thus it seems to us, further, that what Mr. Bridges calls a "freak" and an "experiment" in the rhymes which he has added in the second stanza of this chorus is, on the contrary, an act of wisdom, if not a necessity, if verse written according to classical accentuation is ever to be wholly clear to English readers. In such lines as these:—

*Now all bursteth anew, wantoning in
the dew
Their bells of bonny blue, their chalices
honey'd,*

we get at once a metre plainly English, a metre very little different from Nash's in

*The palm and may make country
houses gay,
Lambs frisk and play, the shepherds
pipe all day.*

NATURE AND MAN.

Professor Lankester in his Romanes lecture began by a statement of the theory of evolution, directing attention to unwarranted inferences commonly drawn by clever writers unacquainted with the study of nature. He described how the change in the character of the struggle for existence, possibly in the Lower Miocene period, which favored an increase in the size of the brain in the great mammals and the horse, probably became most important in the development of man. The progress of man cut him off from the general operation of the law of natural selection as it had worked until he appeared, and he acquired knowledge, reason, self-consciousness, and will, so that "survival of the fittest," when applied to man, came to have a

meaning quite different from what it had when applied to other creatures. Thus man can control nature, and the "nature-searchers," the founders of the Royal Society and their followers, have placed boundless power in the hands of mankind, and enabled man to arrive at spiritual emancipation and freedom of thought. But the leaders of human activity at present still attach little or no importance to the study of nature. They ignore the penalties that rebellious man must pay if he fails to continue his study and acquire greater and greater control of nature.

Professor Lankester did not dwell upon the possible material loss to our Empire which may result from neglect of natural science; he looks at the matter as a citizen of the world, as a man

who sees that within some time, it may be only 100 years, it may be 500 years, man must solve many new problems if he is to continue his progress and avert a return to nature's terrible method of selecting the fittest. It seems to us that this aspect of the question has never been fully dealt with before. Throughout Huxley's later writings the certainty of a return to nature's method is always to be felt. Professor Lankester has faith in man's power to solve those problems that seem now to be insoluble, and surely he is right.

The dangerous delay now so evident is due to the want of nature knowledge in the general population, so that the responsible administrators of Government are suffered to remain ignorant of their duties. Professor Lankester shows that it is peculiarly in the power of such universities as Oxford and Cambridge, which are greatly free from Government control, to establish a quite different state of things from that which now obtains in England. He says:—"The world has seen with admiration and astonishment the entire people of Japan follow the example of its governing class in the almost sudden adoption of the knowledge and control of Nature as the purpose of national education and the guide of State administration. It is possible that in a less rapid and startling manner our old Universities may, at no distant date, influence the intellectual life of the more fortunate of our fellow citizens, and consequently of the entire community." Considering Oxford more particularly, and speaking for others as well as himself, he says:—"The University of Oxford by its present action in regard to the choice and direction of subjects of study is exercising an injurious influence upon the education of the country, and especially upon the education of those who will hereafter

occupy positions of influence, and will largely determine both the action of the State, and the education and opinions of those who will in turn succeed them." As to Greek and Latin studies, he says:—"We have come to the conclusion that this form of education is a mistaken and injurious one. We desire to make the chief subject of education both in school and in college a knowledge of Nature as set forth in the sciences which are spoken of as physics, chemistry, geology and biology. We think that all education should consist in the first place of this kind of knowledge, on account of its commanding importance both to the individual and to the community. We think that every man of even a moderate amount of education should have acquired a sufficient knowledge of these subjects to enable him at any rate to appreciate their value, and to take an interest in their progress and application to human life." He points out that it is only in the last hundred years that the dogma of compulsory Greek and the value of what is now called a classical education has been promulgated. Previously, Latin was learnt because all the results of the studies of natural philosophers were in that language.

It is evident that Professor Lankester includes in his study of nature the study of intellectual and emotional man through history, biography, novels, and poetry, but we think that he made a tactical mistake when he neglected to state this clearly. It seems to us that besides the study of nature, the most important thing in a child's education is to make him fond of reading in his own language, for this leads to a future power to make use of books and self-education for the rest of his life. When Professor Lankester doubts the value of the study of history he is evidently doubting the value of that

study as carried on at Oxford, and surely no person who has read the scathing criticism of Professor Firth will disagree with him. When he speaks of a reform being possible, it may be that he is taking into account a movement of which but little is known outside Oxford itself, the growing indignation of the average undergraduate at being made to pay extravagant sums of money for tuition which is mischievous.

The readers of *Nature* are well acquainted with the views put forward in this address. Huxley and many others, dwelling, perhaps, more upon material loss to our Empire, have published them over and over again, but we do not think that anybody has ever presented them with so much grace of style or so much of an endeavor to secure the goodwill of his audience as Professor Lankaster. But, alas! we fear that this fine address will share the fate of many others!

When, thirty-three years ago, Japan began her new career, there were a few people like Ito clever enough to see and say that the study of ancient classics alone, to the neglect of the study of nature, meant ruin to the country; but such ideas would never have been adopted had not Japan been in deadly peril. All the nations of Europe bullied and insulted her, and it was only their mutual jealousies which saved her from complete subjugation. In the presence of that peril the pedants held their peace, and everybody saw the necessity for an immediate, radical reform. In time nature was studied by every child in Japan, and in consequence scientific methods of thinking and acting have permeated the whole nation. All ancient and modern European literature is open to the Japanese

who knows English, and English is the one language other than Japanese which every cultured man must know. In the matter of self-protection, anyone can see the result. Because the Japanese have studied nature their scientific officers and men have marched or sailed to victory in every engagement; their statesmen will do exactly what is best for Japan in the negotiations for peace; their country will quietly take its place as one of the first-class Powers of the world, and every person who knows anything about Japan is quite sure that ambitious, wrong-headed schemes of conquest are altogether impossible to the scientific minds of the Japanese.

If Japan had not been in great danger we know that she would not have taken to nature-study, and some of us think that it may need a state of danger in England to produce the necessary desire for reform. The South African muddle was worried through, and almost everybody seems to think that all such muddles may also be worried through, but some of us think that we may not always be so lucky. Danger is close enough even now, and we can only hope that if it becomes great it may grow slowly enough to let us learn something from the object lesson which is being given us day by day in the news from Russia and the Far East.

Fain would we hope that Oxford will pay attention to what has been said by one whom some of us regard as her cleverest son; but alas! we have no such hope. Oh, Shade of Clough, how can we help saying that "the struggle nought avaleth" when your own best admirers seem unable to think for themselves?

John Perry.

BOOKS AND AUTHORS.

E. P. Dutton & Co. have in preparation the Marchesa Vitelleschi's new work "The Romance of Savoy, Victor Amadeus II. and His Stuart Bride." Special permission was granted the author to make researches among the private archives of the House of Savoy, and much new light is thrown on the struggle for liberty carried on under the Duke of Savoy against Louis XIV.

The Athenæum makes this interesting suggestion:

Mr. Whitelaw Reid mentioned in his address to the Society of Pilgrims that the house where Joseph Severn nursed the dying Keats in Rome, situated in the Piazza di Spagna, was being bought by English and American admirers of the poet. The Americans might well recognize in some way the residence of Nathaniel Hawthorne in Rome, and perhaps that of W. W. Story. Hawthorne's visit gave the world "Transformation" and "Italian Note-Books"; while the sculptor wrote "Roba di Roma" and "Castle St. Angelo" from fullness of knowledge. The Pincian Gardens are already dotted with busts of celebrated Romans of modern and classic times, while the Borghese Gardens contain memorials of Goethe and Victor Hugo.

The Academy remarks with a good deal of truth:

It is the fashion at present to decry the historical novel, the religious novel and the novel with a purpose. The habit has been taken from critics who realize that the historical novel must almost of necessity be false history and false comment on life from beginning to end, and that the novel with a purpose and the religious novel are unsatisfactory because they are bound to generalize from individual cases. But in perme-

ating a wider circle the objection has become very much changed on the way. The average reader who claims to dislike the historical novel, the novel with a purpose, the religious novel, dislikes them not for the right reason, but because by intruding serious matters of knowledge and thought upon the attention they spoil the mere amusement which he looks for from fiction. He has enough of that sort of thing, he will tell you, did he care to put his thoughts into words, outside his novels, and he resents finding it inside them.

A correspondent of The Athenæum notes the existence in the British Museum of the manuscript of a work composed in the year 1592, which gives many quotations from the quatrains of Omar Khayyam and also a *qitâ* of sixteen lines which seems to have hitherto escaped notice. The manuscript is the Bazmaral of Sayyid "Ali b Mahmud al Husaini, and is described in Rieu's Supplement to his Persian Catalogue, p. 73, No. 106, Or. 3389. The entry is under the name Khayyam, and occurs at p. 77b. The verses consist of a satirical dialogue between Omar and Reason, and remind one somewhat of Sir Walter Raleigh's poem of "The Lie." Omar asks various questions of Reason about life, marriage, &c., and receives mocking answers. The translation of the last two lines seems to be:—

I said to him, "What are Khayyam's writings?"

He replied, "Wrong calculations, and some raptures."

The death of Mr. Hay recalls an interesting passage from Laurence Hutton's "Talks in a Library" on the origin of the "Pike County Ballads,"

which The Athenæum reprints as follows:

Mr. John Hay once told me that while listening to a somewhat dull sermon from a preacher with whose views and doctrines he was not altogether in sympathy, it suddenly occurred to him, *apropos* of something he had heard in the discourse, that, after all, perhaps

Saving a little child, and bringing him to his own,

Is a derved sight better business than loafing 'round the Throne.

And out of this fragment of cloth was cut the "Little Breeches" which are not soon to wear out! In the same way, he added that some sentence in a long, impromptu prayer gave him the impression that, may be, in the end,

Christ ain't going to be too hard

On a man that died for men.

And on this pedestal was erected the statue of the famous "Jim Bludso," of the steamer *Prairie Bell*, who gave his own life to save the lives of the passengers entrusted to his charge.

At a sale at Sotheby's in London last month a perfect copy of the fourth quarto edition of Shakespeare's "Tragedie of King Richard the Third" was sold for \$8750, and it is understood that it will come to this country. This copy was a recent lucky find in a Buckinghamshire village. Its sale brought into the auction rooms five more quarto volumes. "The Tragedie of King Richard the Third," bears the signature "Wm. Penn," probably that of the Admiral, father of the founder of Pennsylvania, in five places, and it is noteworthy that one of the other five quartos bears the same autograph. This is the "Second Part of the History of King Henry the Fourth," 1605; the others are the "True Chronicle History of the Life and Death of King

Lear," 1608, "The Tragedie of King Richard the Second," 1605, the "Historie of Henry the Fourth, with the Battell at Shrewsburie," 1608, and "The Most Excellent Historie of the Merchant of Venice, with the extreame Cruelty of Shylock, the Jew towards the said Merchant in cutting a just pound of his flesh; and the obtaining of Portia by the Choyce of three Chests," 1652.

The Academy calls the attention of lovers of Wordsworth to the fact that the Gowbarrow estate is for sale. It adds:

It lies on the north side of Ullswater, and will be associated by all lovers of the poet with *Alra's Force* and *Lyulph's Force*. It inspired Wordsworth to write the poem called "*Alrey Force Valley*," where he describes "the soft eye-music of slow-waving boughs," caused by the breeze entering the glen, and it is still gay with daffodils in March, as it was when Miss Wordsworth, the poet and his wife saw a host of them

Beside the lake, beneath the trees,
Fluttering and dancing in the breeze.

Hence the poem known as "*The Daffodils*," the two best lines in which, according to the poet, were by Mrs. Wordsworth. The *Force* is a prominent feature in "*The Somnambulist*," where Wordsworth put into verse the story of a girl who walked in her sleep, fell into the stream, and was rescued by her lover, whom she recognized before she died. De Quincey calls Gowbarrow the most romantic of parks, and says that he saw there "alternately for four miles the most grotesque and the most awful spectacles

Abbey windows
With Moorish temples of the Hindoos.
all fantastic, all unreal and shadowy
as the moonlight which created them."